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EMILE ZOLA AT HOME.

HIS OWN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE AND WORK.

Reported by R. H. Sherard.

Illustrated from photographs of M. Zola's house in Paris.

DISAPPOINTMENT of a certain kind attends a first visit to Emile Zola in his Paris home, Rue de Bruxelles. Remembering the immensity of his work, and also the democratic feeling with which the Rougon-Macquart series is pervaded, one is prepared to see a house full of suggestions of hard work and remarkable for simplicity. But once one has passed through the paved courtyard and into the little vestibule at the bottom of the staircase, one finds one's self in the house of a *dilettante*, of a lover of bric-a-brac. The collection is apparently more for show than for intrinsic worth, and reveals no particular bent of artistic taste. The ecclesiastical predominates, however. The seat in which the visitor is put to wait while his visit is announced to M. Zola is one of a set of oaken stalls from some cathedral chancel. Facing this is an image, life-size, and painted on wood, of the Virgin. Against the walls of the staircase are panels from which in high relief stand out the figures of Bible stories. Here and there are Buddhas and various Chinese and Japanese bronzes and potteries. At the top of the staircase, to the right, is an arch, through which a fine portrait of Zola in his younger days is to be seen. On the left is the dining-room, magnificently furnished with huge oaken cupboards, Spanish leather chairs of vast proportions, inlaid with gilt arabesque, while in cabinets about the room are hundreds of curios and rare artistic objects. The walls are covered with plates, the old Rouen potteries evidently being most in favor. This room is, however, very shortly to be transformed into a billiard-room, and the dining-room will be in a new wing which has just been constructed. Zola says that he never plays billiards and does not like the game, and it may be supposed, therefore, that the only reason why he is going to have a billiard-room in his hotel is that there is such a room in all the houses of the rich. It is a luxury, and Zola has frequently said of late that he will indulge himself in every reasonable luxury, as he needs compensation for a long life of suffering and poverty. "I have never enjoyed life," he remarked the other day to a group of *confrères*. "I have never known what it is to live. Now that it is in my power, I will draw from life all that it can afford. *A moi la vie.*"

But perhaps the most characteristic room in the whole house (leaving aside the bedroom, with its gigantic and

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monumental bedstead of the period of Henri II., of which Flaubert, unaccustomed to such luxuries, said, "This is the room of St. Julien l'Hospitalier") is the study where Zola writes, and where, as a rule, he receives his friends. Immediately on entering one sees the huge writing-table at which he works. A tapestry cloth covers it, and upon this are arranged in the most methodical order a hundred and one of what may be described as the luxuries of penmanship. In a bowl by the side of the brass-clasped blotting-pad is blue sand, which, by means of a gold spoon of a highly ornate character, is scattered over the wet page, after the fashion in use before blotting-paper was invented. To the right of the writer as he sits in the high-backed chair, which may have been a throne, is an Oriental cabinet full of little drawers, in which are his cards and various sizes of note-paper. Upon this cabinet, suspended from a miniature gallows, is a huge watch or clock of the earliest Nuremburg manufacture; and in front of this stand side by side a figure of the Madonna in blue and gold, a Tanagra statuette, and a tiny Buddha. Little trays filled with the most elegant of pen-holders, seals, and penknives are trimly laid in handy places. Over the back of the chair is thrown a piece of embroidered silk which may have been part of a bishop's stole in the days of the high pomp of the Roman Church. And indeed the pomp and the glory of the Roman Church have been largely used in the decoration of this unique workroom. Fat cherubim with blown-out cheeks look down from the cornices over doors and windows, carved in colored woods. Here and there are pictures of the Madonna and Child. The subjects of the stained-glass windows which look out on the dull Rue de Bruxelles are religious, and all the tapestries and precious stuffs with which the room is hung have a like religious suggestion. By the side of the huge canopied divan which covers half one side of the room stands a lofty church lampadary, within it the half-consumed remnant of a gigantic candle. The fire-place is a monumental one, reaching from floor to ceiling, the wood-work being of oak, elaborately carved in the same style as the iron-work of the fender; that is to say, in the choicest fashion of Renaissance sculpture. Before the fireplace stands a low table on which all the Paris papers of the day are placed. Here and there are low and comfortable armchairs. Of the litter of the workroom of the man of letters there is not a trace. The room might be the retiring-room of a cardinal of the luxurious days of Italian priesthood, or the boudoir of a lady of taste and fashion. Flowering plants in pots of elegant designs stand about the room. Of books there are but few. There is one bookcase beside the fireplace, and another, a smaller one, to the left of the door by which one enters from the landing. Over this one hangs a portrait of Flaubert, which is the only thing in all the room that might betray to one where he is.

The general opinion about Zola's appearance is, with those who have never seen him, that he is a burly man, stout, slow, and sensual. The first sight of him is even a greater surprise than the first examination of his abode. A small, thin man, nervous in manner, with terrible wrinkles all over his face, he looks like an ascetic, a man of sorrow. It is only when speaking on any subject in which he is greatly interested that his pale and careworn face lights up, that his remarkable eyes flash fire, and the inner man betrays himself through his insignificant envelope. When he sits talking, his invariable attitude is with the right leg thrown over the left, and from beginning to end of the conversation he jerks his foot from left to right and back again in rapid motion. He has a quiet, deep voice, but is constantly troubled with a nervous cough, and soon shows signs of fatigue. He speaks at an extraordinary speed and without hesitation, no matter what the subject may be.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Having consented to allow me to question him on his life and literary career, he said, in answer to the first question:

M. ZOLA IN HIS STUDY.

"The first thing that I ever wrote was a great historical novel about the Crusades, if I remember rightly, with which I was inspired by reading Michaud's 'History of the Middle Ages.' I say 'if I remember rightly,' because although I have the manuscript with me still—I have kept every scrap of paper which I have ever written—I have never been able to read a single word of it, so utterly illegible was my writing at that time. I was about fifteen, a schoolboy at the College of Aix, where my youth was passed."

"You were born in Paris, were you not?"

"Yes, within a stone's throw of the Halles, at number 10 in the Rue St.-Joseph, on the 2d of April, 1840, so that now I am fifty-three years old. My father was an Italian; we have relations of my name in Venice to this day. My mother was from Dourdan in Seine-et-Oise, a very beautiful and

simple woman. She was nineteen when she married my father, who was forty-three. At that time he was greatly taken up with the canal, which was afterwards constructed, and which is still known at Aix as the 'Zola Canal.' It is this canal that supplies the town with its drinking-water. I was born a year after the marriage of my parents, during one of their flying visits, on the canal business, to Paris. My father died when I was six years old, leaving my mother and myself in very bad circumstances. But for the fact that my mother's father and mother—what a splendid old woman my grandmother was—came to live with us at Aix, I don't know how we should have lived. How my grandmother and my mother spoiled me! I was the despot of the little house in the Impasse Sylvacanne, and my earliest recollections are of our immense garden and of how I used to play about in it, without restraint of any kind. The ladies thought that the best thing I could do as a child was to play, and at the age of eight I didn't know a single letter of the alphabet. However, my grandfather, M. Aubert, put his foot down after I had passed my eighth birthday, and I was sent to a primary school, called 'Pension Notre-Dame,' kept by a M. Isoard. It was there that I learned my A, B, C's. M. Isoard had the greatest difficulty in teaching me, and had to take me into his private room after hours, to try and drive the letters into my head. I remained with him until the age of twelve, learning very little. I was greatly spoiled at home. The rule was, that I was not to be crossed in anything, and I was so fond of roaming about the beautiful country round Aix that I was constantly playing truant from school. When, at the age of twelve, I entered the Aix college, I was so little advanced that I was placed in the lowest form, the eighth. Here, however, I began to work.

"I began to understand what was the position of my family, and to recognize the fact that I had but myself to depend upon in the future. I may say I worked very hard, and when I left the college I was at the head of the second form. I used to be very methodical and, though I still delighted in roaming about the country, I never indulged myself in any way until I had finished my daily task. I won many prizes and grew to be considered one of the best boys in the school. I myself chose sciences, that is to say, the modern course, in preference to letters, or the classical course, because I hated dead languages and did not see the use of them. For Greek I always had a special aversion, and as for Latin verse I never could put my mind to it for two minutes together. I remained at the Aix college for four and a half years, and it was whilst there that I wrote the book I told you about. I need hardly say that it has never found a publisher. Besides my great historical novel, I also wrote a good deal of poetry, some short stories, and a three-act comedy, which was entitled 'Selling the Schoolmaster.' The poetry was written, like most schoolboy poetry, under the influence of my readings of the poets. Victor Hugo used to be my favorite at first, but afterwards Musset. I had two schoolboy friends, who remained my friends all through life—a lad called Baille and another called Cezanne, who has since become a painter. We used to take a Musset out with us to the woods, or on to the hills, and read it out loud for hours together. We were very romantic youths. I remember that we once tried to pass a night in a mysterious cave where we had spread a bed of lavender and thyme. But it was cold and wet, and by two o'clock in the morning all the romance had been knocked out of us. At that time I used to play music. You wouldn't think of me, would you, as a performer on the clarinet? I played on several occasions in public, at the time of the religious processions through the city."

"You were forced to leave Aix and to interrupt your studies when you were eighteen?"

"Yes; our money affairs had grown worse and worse, and, though we had successively moved to cheaper and cheaper houses, we were at last unable to continue our life at Aix. My father

THE HALL IN M. ZOLA'S HOUSE IN PARIS.

had left, as almost his entire assets, a number of claims and an interminable lawsuit which was never settled, and it was in the hopes of getting these claims enforced, or at least of having the suit hurried on, that my mother went to Paris, where my father had still a few friends. With little luggage, and no money in my pocket, accompanied by my grandfather, I travelled up to Paris in a third-class carriage of one of the slowest trains that I ever remember. I was very sad at heart during that journey. First of all, it grieved me dreadfully to leave Provence, which I loved so much, and my two dear comrades and friends; and, secondly, I was dreadfully vexed at the interruption of my studies, because I knew, or rather imagined, that my whole future depended on my education. I was therefore delighted to hear from my mother, who met us at the station—it was the very first thing that she told me—that I should be able to continue my studies in Paris. I was

placed at the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and remained there two years, devoting myself to the study of French literature, and paying attention to little else. I distinguished myself in French composition, and I remember how proud I was when our professor, M. Levasseur, who afterwards became a member of the Academy of Sciences, read out an essay of mine on a subject which had been set to the class—something about Milton and his daughters, if I remember rightly—and solemnly predicted a great future for me. But I could never master dry subjects, history for instance, and I was plucked at my examination for the degree of bachelor, which is what every French schoolboy passes on leaving college, because I couldn't give the date of the death of Charlemagne. I think I mentioned a date somewhere in the reign of François I. That was in November, 1859, when I was about twenty years old.

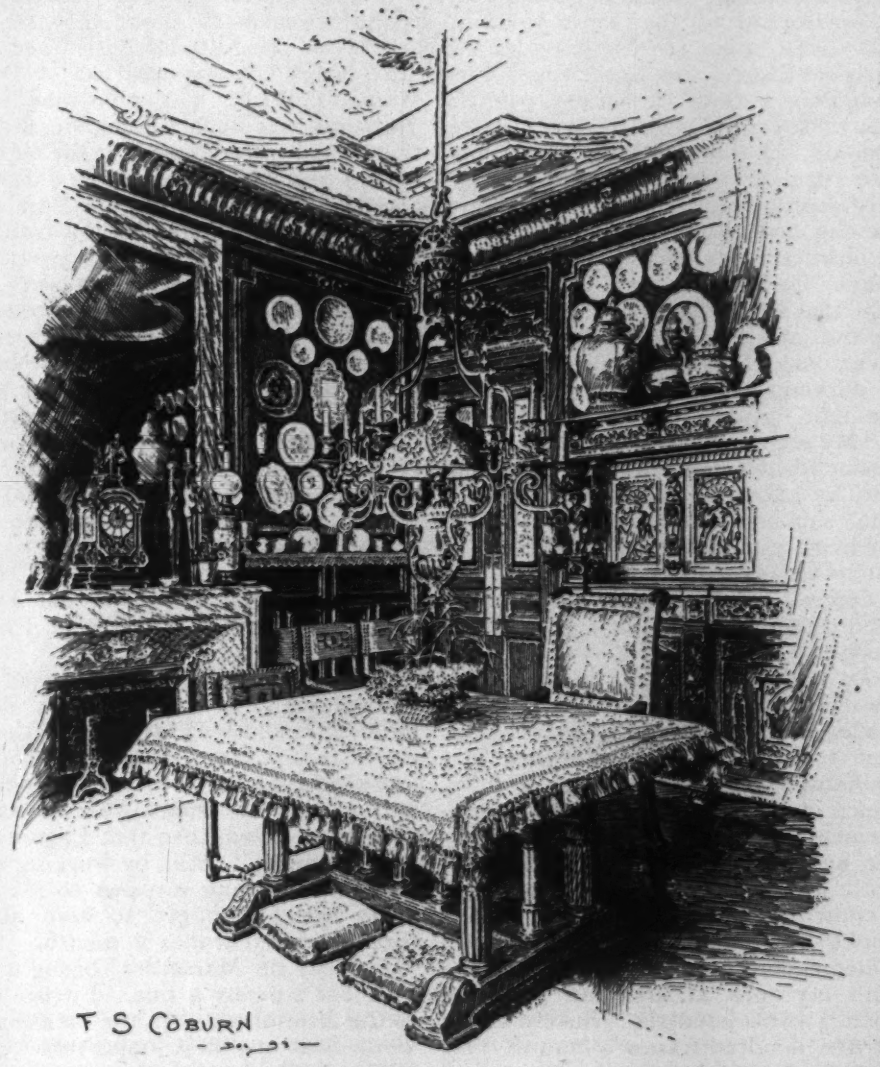
EARLY STRUGGLES IN PARIS.

I now found myself face to face with life, without even the degree necessary for the most humble position in any of the branches for which I was suited. I was without money and had practically two people to support. Thanks to M. Labot, who had been a friend of my father's, I got a clerkship at a kind of *entrepot* in the Rue de la Douane, where I was paid sixty francs a month. But the work was such utter drudgery, and the prospects of any improvement in position so utterly negative, that I preferred to risk starvation than to continue there, and resigned after two months of the worst slavery I have ever passed through. I had then about eighteen months of the most miserable Bohemianism to go through, without position, without money, without work, starving most of the time, and reduced to the most dreadful expedients for a meal of bread and cheese. Yet during all this time I continued to write poetry, and nothing but poetry. My pleasure was to walk along the quays, spending hours in reading the books exposed for sale, and often an object of suspicion to the booksellers, for I was dreadfully shabby. I remember what a shocking overcoat I had at that time. It was quite green with age and threadbare all over. At that time I was living on the seventh story of a house in the Rue St.-Victor. Later on I moved to the Rue St.-Etienne-du-Mont, where for the first time I was separated from my mother. I lived in a sort of belvedere on the very top of the house, where it was a legend that my abode had once been tenanted by Bernardin de St. Pierre. I never had a fire all those cold months, and, when I could afford a candle, it was my great joy. A candle meant that I could work at literature, which was then my absorbing passion, all through the night. The days when I could add to my pennyworth of bread a pennyworth of cheese, or a cup of black coffee, I considered myself rolling in luxury; but most often bread, and not too much of that, formed my sole diet. I remember once having to come home in my shirt-sleeves, on a bitterly cold winter's day, because I had given my overcoat to a young lady, whom I was then courting, to pawn for her own needs. All the same, I was never happier, for I had found out what was to be my walk in life, and had found out, too, that, in spite of all difficulties, I could work steadily and with method. It was during that time that I wrote three long poems, 'Rodolpho,' 'L'Aeienne,' and 'Paolo,' to which triad I gave the name of 'L'Amoureuse Comedie.' I had also planned out another long poem, to be called 'Genesis,' and which was to describe the origin of the world and of man. I never wrote more of it than the first eight lines. It began as follows:

"'Principe createur, seule force première,
Qui d'un souffle vivant souleva la matière,
Toi qui vis, ignorant la naissance et la mort,
Du prophète inspiré donne-moi l'aile d'or.'

"At the beginning of the year 1862 I received from a M. Boudet, of the Academy of Medicine, a letter of introduction to the publishing house of Hachette, and as there was no immediate opening for me, and I was literally starving at the time, M. Boudet asked me to carry round his New Year's

cards for him, a porterage job which I was very glad to execute for the price he paid me. I may say that my time of downright misery ended soon afterwards, when I was taken into Hachette's employ. I may say that my literary



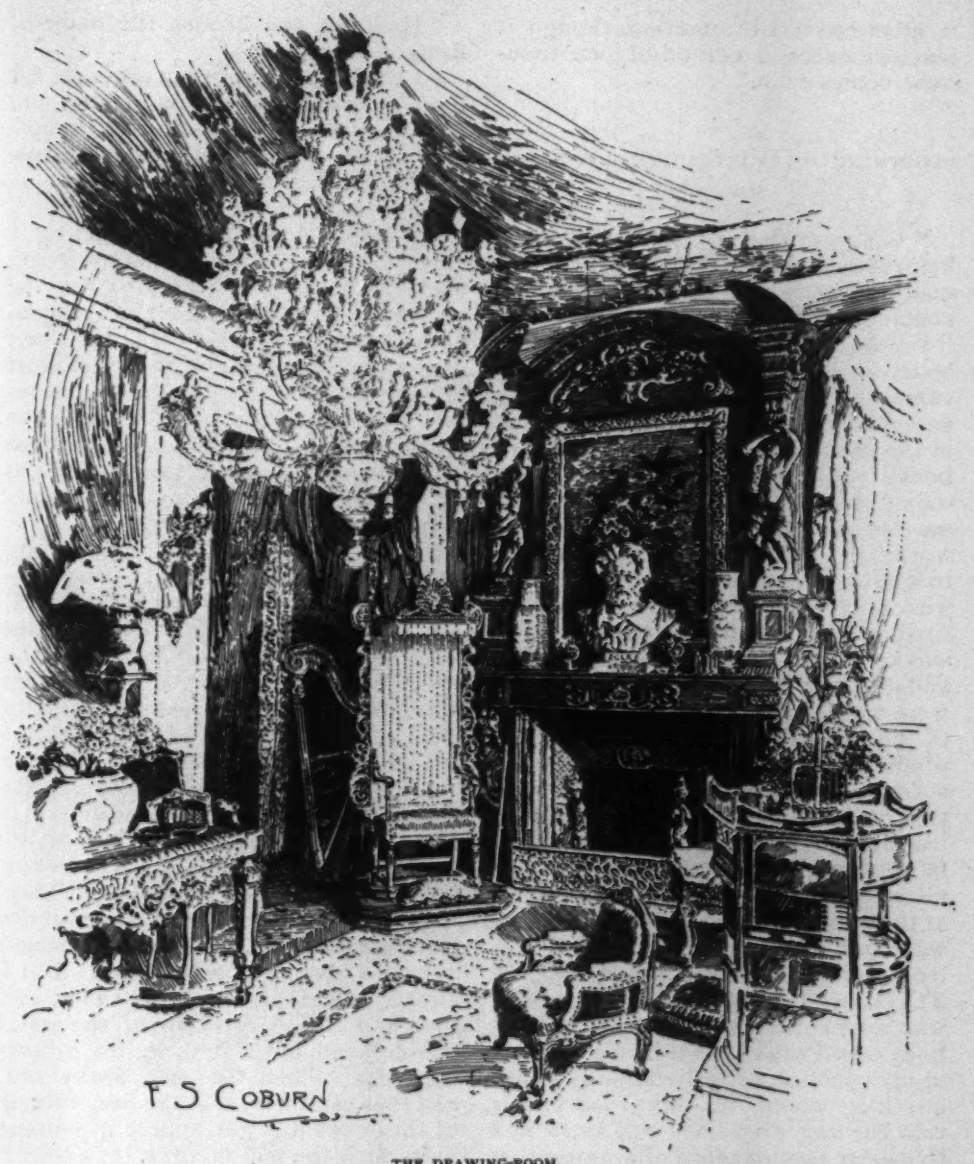
THE DINING-ROOM.

education was received there. I met everybody in or connected with the world of letters, though I made few if any friends. I am not an expansive man, and always keep on the reserve. One Saturday night I did a feat of daring. Before leaving the bookshop, I laid—I remember how my hand trembled, to this day—the manuscript of my 'Amoureuse Comedie' on M. Hachette's table. On the following Monday, at noon, the publisher sent for me, spoke to me very kindly, but said nothing about publishing my poems, as I had hoped he would. He, however, seemed to deem me capable of literary work, and two months later he asked me to contribute a story to a children's magazine which he published. I wrote a tale called 'The Sister of the Poor,' but M. Hachette thought it too revolutionary in tone. Indeed, on return-

ing it to me, he said, 'Zola, you are a revolutionary,' and would not print it. It is included in the book called 'Contes à Ninon,' the first book of mine ever published, and which never brought me a farthing. It was brought out by M. Lacroix in 1864. In the following year I contributed to the 'Petit Journal' and wrote some stories for 'La Vie Parisienne.' At the same time I continued my work at Hachette's, where I was then earning two hundred francs a month. I used to work at my literature regularly; in fact, I have been very methodical all my life. Every evening, directly after dinner, I used to sit down at my table and work for three hours. On Sundays it was in the mornings that I used to work, before rushing out into the country; but as I was accustomed to work at nights, I used to darken the room and write by candle light.

"My second book was entitled 'Confession de Claude,' and was published also by Lacroix. It brought me in a small sum in royalties and first declared my literary tendencies. Indeed, it was partly because of the stir it made that I decided to leave Hachette's; and, accordingly, on January 1, 1866, I stepped out to face the world once more, but this time with a pen in my hand and a certain reputation already made. My first step was to offer this pen to Villemessant, who was just founding the 'Evenement,' a daily, which in his mind was to be the complement of the then weekly 'Figaro.' He accepted my services as literary critic and reporter, and for some time I contributed a column entitled 'The books of to-day and of to-morrow.' Villemessant was very much pleased with my work at first, and gave me what I considered the princely salary of five hundred francs a month. He afterwards asked me to write a critical account of the *Salon*, which I did in a series of articles entitled 'Mon Salon,' which aroused a perfect hurricane in Paris, so revolutionary did my ideas on matters of art appear to the critics, painters, and public. In fact, the articles had to be stopped on account of the row they provoked. I nearly had a duel over them, but at the same time had the satisfaction of being the first writer to call attention to the talent of Manet, who at that time was totally ignored, and who afterwards became a good friend of mine. You may remember that there is a portrait of me by him in the Luxembourg Museum. It was to the 'Evenement' also that, after my articles on the *Salon*, I contributed my next novel. It was entitled 'A Dead Woman's Wish,' and, published as a *feuilleton*, was such a complete failure that it had to be stopped at the request of the readers of the paper. It was afterwards published in book form, and is with 'Les Mystères de Marseilles,' which I wrote the following year to a bookseller's order, my worst work. I may mention that people are constantly writing to me about 'Les Mystères de Marseilles,' under the mistaken opinion that I am ashamed of this book, and offering me copies of it at very large prices, thinking that I shall be glad to get them and to destroy them, lest they should damage my reputation. How little I fear this skeleton in my literary cupboard, will be shown by the fact that I afterwards had the book republished, just to show that I am not ashamed of anything that I have written.

"When Villemessant suppressed the 'Evenement,' and started the daily publication of the 'Figaro,' I continued to write for him; but I had fallen into disfavor with the great editor, and in 1867 I ceased all connection with him. It was then that I again was nigh to misery. Still, by working very hard and turning my pen to all and every use, I managed to earn about three hundred francs a month. The 'Mystères de Marseilles' brought me in about a penny a line. I wrote this in the afternoons. In the mornings I worked at my first important book, 'Thérèse Raquin,' writing four or five pages a day. The idea of 'Thérèse Raquin' came to me from a story published in the 'Figaro,' and written by Ernest Daudet and Adolphe Belot, called 'La Venus de Gordes.' It was about the murder of a husband by a woman's lover, and the trial of the two accomplices. I thought that a fine story could be written on the same sub-



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ject, but without the interference of justice, showing how the dead man would stand between the two and spoil all the happiness that they had hoped to obtain through their crime. I sold 'Thérèse Raquin' to Arsene Houssaye for six hundred francs, for publication in a review of his, entitled 'L'Artiste.' It appeared in the course of 1867, and was afterwards published with some success by Lacroix. It was violently attacked by the critics, notably by Louis Ulbach in the 'Figaro.' He called it putrid literature. For my 'Confession de Claude' I had been called a 'literary sewerman.' My next book was 'Madeleine Férat,' which I wrote in 1868, taking it from a three-act drama, called 'Madeleine,' which I had never been able to place. It was published in the new 'Evenement,' under the title of 'La Honte,' but had to be stopped, as the readers of the paper objected to its naturalism. Published in volume form

it attracted little attention, though it reached a second edition of one thousand copies each."

BEGINNING OF THE ROUGON-MACQUART SERIES.

"That was the last book you wrote before beginning the Rougon-Macquart series, which you will so shortly conclude?"

"Yes; I began the Rougon-Macquart series in 1868, being at that time twenty-eight years old. I had long entertained the desire to imitate Balzac in the execution of a gigantic series of books like his 'Human Comedy.' The only thing that was wanting was an assured income on which to live while working. This income was guaranteed to me by an agreement which I made with Lacroix, who offered me five hundred francs a month for two years. I was to supply him two novels a year, and the five hundred francs a month were to be deducted from the proceeds of the sale of the novel, a share of the profits to be handed to me. I spent several months in reading up the question of heredity, or atavism, because I had determined that my books should be the exposition of the theory of atavistic influence. I read up the subject at the public libraries. Doctor Lucas's work on 'The Law of Natural Heredity' was particularly useful to me. The subject tempted me because it was a scientific one, and because nobody could say that I was in the wrong in my conclusions, since nobody knows anything about it. My theory was, that the day when men will know how to master this influence of atavism they will be, what they are not now, the masters of the destiny of the human race. Atavism was a science of which little was known, and it is in these sciences, which I may describe as the lisping sciences, that there is a certain margin for imagination. I saw that there was here a large, as yet unexplored, territory, and I determined to enter in upon it. My original idea was to complete the series in twelve volumes. It has much outrun the limits of my original plan."

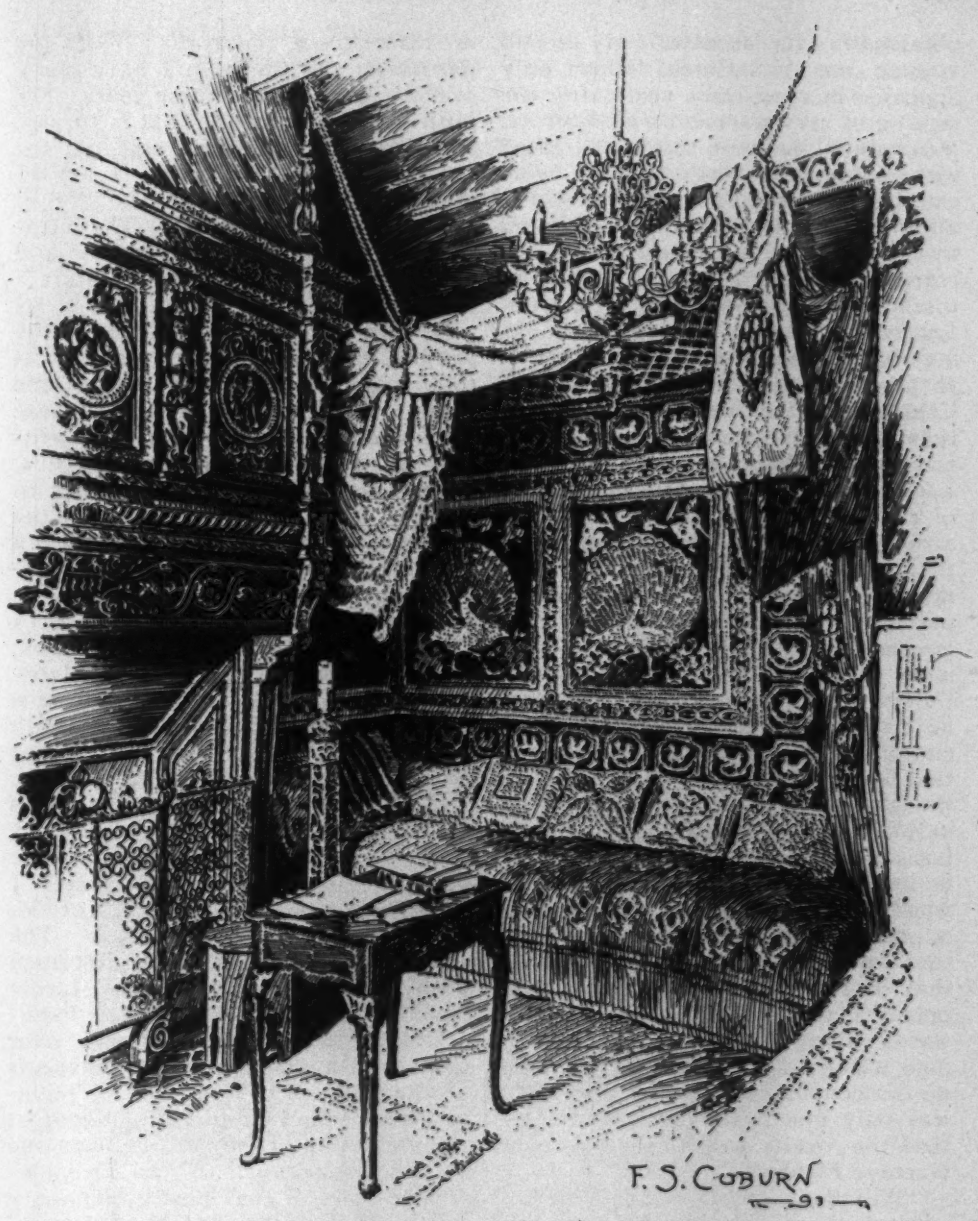
"How did you choose the name of Rougon-Macquart?"

"I thought it out very carefully, for I am a great believer in names, and judge writers by the sonority or aptness of the names which they bestow on the characters in their books. A good writer chooses good names. I often spend a whole day selecting a name for one of my characters, going over the Paris City Directory for the purpose. I believe that a kind of sympathy exists between people and their names, and that certain characters must be called so, and not otherwise. Rougon is a common enough name in the south, and has a pompous ring about it. Macquart I chose because it is in contrast with Rougon, and has something base and popular about it.

"My plan having been drawn up, and my arrangement with Lacroix having been signed, I at once set to work. My first book was 'La Fortune des Rougons.' In this I described the town from which all the characters that pass through the series originally sprung. Plassans, I perhaps need not tell you, is nothing else than my dear old Aix in Provence. If I had to write the series over again, I should call it Aix. At the time I was afraid of offending the inhabitants. I set to work on 'La Fortune des Rougons' in May, 1869, and was soon able to give the first chapters to the 'Siècle,' in which it was to appear in serial form. But I already had a number of enemies, and somehow the publication of the serial was delayed until June in the following year. Then the war broke out, and the result was, that the first volume of the series did not appear in volume form until the end of 1871."

"Did not the war and the fall of the Empire also interfere with the scheme, which was to be the history of a family under the second Empire?"

"Yes. When I conceived the plan of the series, the second Empire was flourishing, and nobody could foresee its fall. I thought that it would last, and the ages of my different characters had been fixed with this opinion, so that I could develop them in some sort with my own life. As it happened, many of them had to break their noses,



A CORNER OF THE SMOKING-ROOM.

if I may use that expression, against 1870. Thus Nana dies at the age of twenty-one, when to do what she did, and to go through what she went through, she ought to have lived at least till the age of thirty-one. But my series had to be contemporary with the second Empire, and I was confirmed in my original resolution by the occurrence of Sedan, which gave me a splendid finale. My period was to begin with the *coup d'etat* and finish with the downfall, in blood and fire, of that régime, and of the moral and social epoch which it represented. The limits of that epoch were clear-cut, as if with a knife, and I could not allow any overstepping of them. I preferred to make chronological errors rather than sacrifice the fine finale that I

obtained in 'La Debacle.' My second volume was 'La Curée,' which only appeared in 1872, three years after the signing of my agreement with Lacroix. Meanwhile I had been terribly harassed with money troubles; for, far from earning anything beyond my monthly allowance, I was constantly, according to the terms of my agreement, in arrears. I was sold up, had bailiffs in the house, and so on. How little profit Lacroix made out of my first two books may be judged from the fact that in 1875 he was glad to sell to M. George Charpentier the right to republish them for eight hundred francs. It was in 1875 that I settled affairs with Lacroix and transferred the publication of my novels to Charpentier. My first arrangement with this publisher was that I should supply him with two novels each year, and that he should pay me three thousand francs for each manuscript. It was under this arrangement that 'Le Ventre de Paris,' 'La Conquête de Plassans' and 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret' appeared. At the end of this time, Charpentier told me that he was simply robbing me, although at that time my success was only a very moderate one; that on the basis of a royalty of four pence a copy, he owed me over ten thousand francs, which he prayed me to be good enough to draw at his cash-office. He then tore up our agreement, and arranged that in future I should receive four pence a volume. He shortly afterwards raised this to five pence a volume, which was what the great Edmund de Goncourt was receiving, and which was only one penny per volume less than the royalty paid to the illustrious Gustave Flaubert."

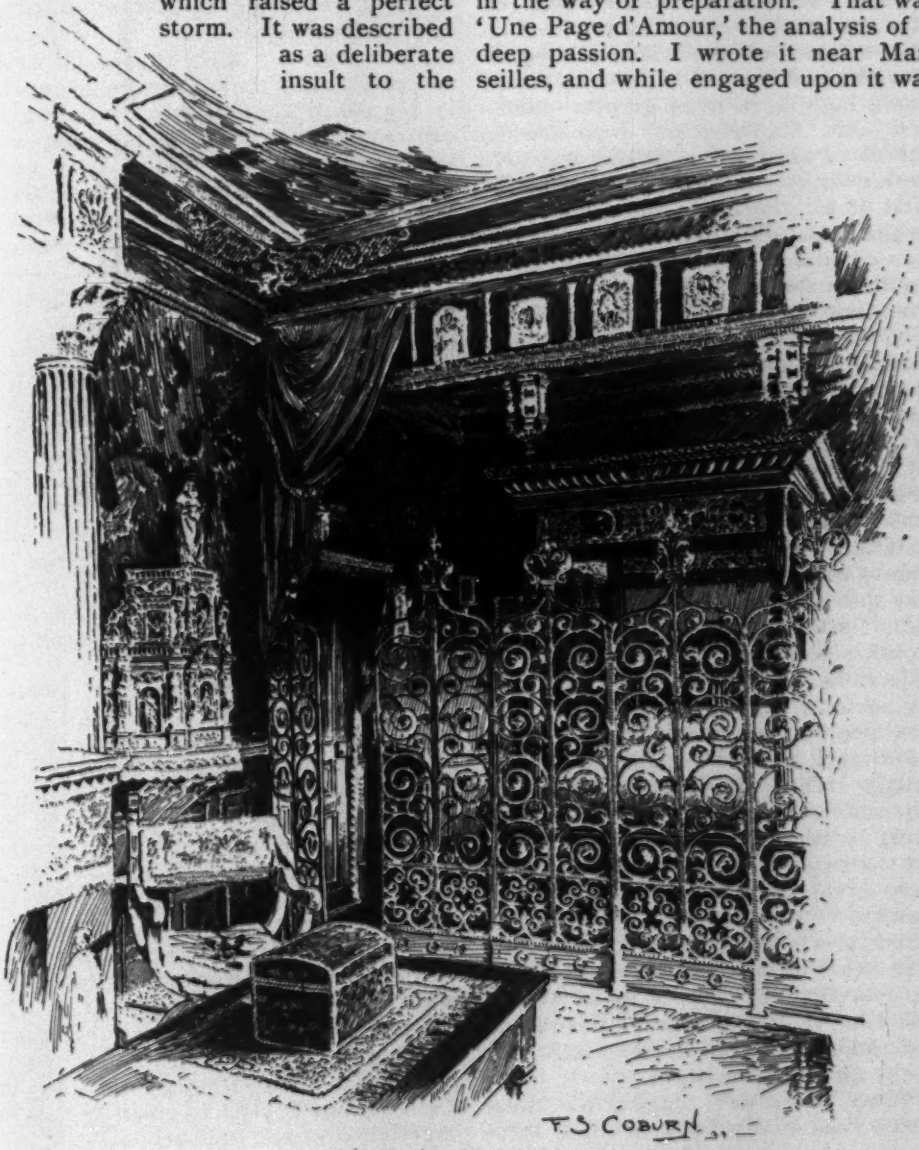
"Will you tell what was your method of work, the method which has enabled you, in spite of all your difficulties, to carry out to the very end the gigantic plan which you have described?"

A RIGID METHOD OF WORK.

"I have always been very methodical. I don't believe in overwork, but I am a firm believer in regular work. At my house at Medan, in my study, I have had carved in letters of gold over my mantelpiece, the words: *Nulla dies sine linea;* and this rule I have stuck to conscientiously all these years. My faith is that hard work, that is to say, regular work, is the first essential for the production of a book. I am no impressionist, and I don't believe in work rapidly dashed off. The creation of a book takes much trouble and exacts actual pains. When I start a book I never have any idea as to its plot, only at most a general idea of the subject, and the first thing that I do is to prepare a sketch or outline of the story. This I do, pen in hand, because ideas come to me only when I am writing. I can't think while sitting idle. I write as though I were talking to myself, discussing the people, the scenes, the incidents. The sketch is a kind of chatty letter addressed to myself, which often equals in length the novel which is to spring from it. I then draw out the plan of the book, the list of characters, and a most elaborate *scenario*. Then each character is studied in detail, the scenes that are to be described are visited and noted down, the incidents elaborately evolved. Thus for 'La Curée,' I spent long days in studying the carriages described, interviewing several leading carriage builders. For Saccard's Hotel I spent hours outside the hotel of M. Menier in the Parc Monceau. The conservatory of Renée was described from the conservatory in the Jardin des Plantes. For 'Le Ventre de Paris' I visited the Halles over and over again, and studied the technical aspects of the question in long lists of publications which I at last discovered at the Prefecture of Police. Perhaps one of the books, next to 'La Debacle,' which exacted the most preliminary labor was 'La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret,' for which I had to read up and take notes from mountains of religious books, and for which I attended mass over and over again at the little church of Sainte-Marie in Batignolles. 'L'Assommoir' also gave me a great deal of trouble, first in regard to the plot, and secondly in the writing. Where the author expresses himself, it is in the language of the people whose lives are described in the book.

I studied numerous slang dictionaries; indeed, it was in Belvau's dictionary that I found the word 'assommoir,' meaning a drink-shop.

"It was 'L'Assommoir' that first brought me real success. I had sold the right of publishing it in serial form to a democratic newspaper called 'Le Bien Public' for ten thousand francs, which the editor was honest enough to pay me entire, although he was forced to interrupt the publication of the work, which raised a perfect storm. It was described as a deliberate insult to the people, a calumny on the workman. Then Catulle Mendes, who was at that time editing a literary review, called 'La République des Lettres,' came and asked me to let him publish the rest of the story, and paid me one thousand francs for the permission to do so. The story was greatly discussed. My friends said it was sure to be a great success. I myself did not expect to see it go beyond a tenth edition. My next book gave me very little trouble in the way of preparation. That was 'Une Page d'Amour,' the analysis of a deep passion. I wrote it near Marseilles, and while engaged upon it was



M. ZOLA'S BED-CHAMBER.

already preparing in my head my next book, 'Nana,' which I expected would arouse as much indignation as 'L'Assommoir.' 'Nana' took a great deal of preparation. It was about a class of people and a section of society of which I knew absolutely nothing. I worked up my subject conscientiously. An old libertine who dined with me at the Café Anglais gave me a quantity of most useful hints from his reminiscences, and my friends were also able to supply me with abundant characteristic material. 'Nana' was the biggest success of the whole series, although it looks as if 'La Débâcle' would be sold in even greater quantities. Ah, 'La Débâcle!' I wince when I think of all the work it cost me. No book ever gave me so much trouble. First of all, there was the material to be got together; but that was child's play compared to the task of condensing the material, which was so superabundant that for every page I wrote I could have written ten. 'Doctor Pascal' is one of the books which have given me the least trouble, and which I have taken most pleasure in writing. In the first place, I had the intense satisfaction of knowing that, when I wrote 'Finis' to the bottom page of that book, I should have realized an ambition which I conceived over twenty-five years ago. And then I had the pleasure in 'Doctor Pascal' that, through Doctor Pascal as my mouth-piece, I should answer all the objections made against my work and my person: should refute the accusation people delight to bring against me that I revel in filth, and should equally rebut the argument that I am convicted out of my writings of being a sceptic and a misanthrope. On the contrary, I have proved that I have great faith in the future of humanity, if only the terrible question of heredity, which indeed makes the children bear the sins of their fathers, can be overcome by a process of logical selection, if I may use the word, in contradistinction to natural selection, in the union of the sexes.

"Day after day, during all these years, I have regularly devoted three to four hours of my mornings to my task on the 'Rougon-Macquart' series. From four to six pages of manuscript of the size of a sheet of foolscap cut in half, is my average daily production. I write slowly and with some difficulty, and always think out my sentences so carefully that there are few if any corrections in my manuscript. I should say that fifteen hundred words is my daily output. It is not much, but consider what that makes at the end of the year. When I have done what I consider a fair daily contribution, I throw down my pen, even if I am in the middle of a sentence. But the subject is so much in my mind, that the next morning I can resume the thread of my composition, even without reading over any part of what precedes. And so day after day I have added to my work, and look what a number of volumes have resulted from this method, slow and sure. Formerly, before my books brought me in such large sums, I used to work at my newspapers in the afternoons, writing a letter for a Russian journal and a quantity of literary and artistic criticisms for the French press. But now that I am independent of journalism I spend my afternoons in leisure. When in Paris I am usually to be found at the art sales, for I am a great collector; and, now that I have paid for my experience, I often make very good bargains. Look, for instance, at this Tanagra statuette. Could anything be more exquisite? I cannot tell you what a thrill of pleasure runs through me each time I take it in my hands. In the summer I am usually down at Medan, a place which I bought years ago for nine thousand francs, at a time when I thought it folly to spend such a sum, and on which I have since spent twenty times that amount. There, as in Paris, I work regularly every day, but my afternoons are spent in my gardens or on the island in the Seine, opposite my house. Sometimes I boat, but I am not fond of violent exercise other than walking, in which I still take as much pleasure as when with my friends Baille and Cezanne I used to roam for days together over the hills around Aix."

"And in the future?"

A CARICATURE OF ZOLA BY A. GILL, FROM "LES HOMMES D'AUJOURD'HUI."

"There is 'Lourdes,' which I have to write, and on which I am already working preliminarily. And after that I don't know. Tales for children would be what I should most like to write; or perhaps I may carry out a pet scheme of mine, and write a history of French literature, which will be quite different from whatever has been written on the subject before."

"And you still maintain your desire to enter the French Academy?"

"Oh, certainly! But it will be a long time before I shall be elected. The Academicians object to my books, and that is a fatal objection. As to my person they find no fault. They admit that I am presentable enough in a drawing-room, that I don't dress extravagantly, that I have no debts, and that I lead a sober, decent, respectable life. But they can't forgive me my books. If I have made up my mind to persist in my attempt to become a member of that society, it is more for the novel than for myself that I am fighting. I want the novel to be recognized as the most important form of literature next to lyric poetry. And the present constitution of the Academy does not recognize this fact. The novel is still, in the eyes of the Academicians, what it was when novels were first written, a literary trifle that sat very low down at the table of the banquet of literature. Yes, I shall go on and on. Each time that an Academician dies, I shall wait the month of mourning, and then I shall write to the secretary and make my declaration that I am a candidate for the seat. I shall continue doing this for years and years; as long as I live, in fact. The Academy will not be able to say, as it says of many other men of letters to whom it has refused entrance, that it was because I had not patience, and did not wait long enough. If the Academy, in spite of my repeated applications, refuses me admittance, and if in fifty years from now my books hold any place in French literature, she will have some difficulty in justifying herself before posterity."

"Have you still any intention of writing for the stage?"

"No. I think that is an ambition I have at last abandoned, reluctant as I am to abandon any ambition that I have formed. But I begin to think that I have not the capacity requisite for the stage. I was terribly disappointed at the way in which 'Une Page d'Amour,' which is now being performed, was adapted from my novel. I have tried many times to create myself a place among the dramatists of France, and do not seem to have much chance of succeeding. *Tant pis!* I must console myself with the thought that one can say what one wants to say very much better in a novel than in a play."

At the conclusion of our conversation M. Zola escorted me down-stairs, and left me with a cordial grip of the hand, returning to his workroom, doubtless to add a little more to the tremendous work of his life. One would like to have seen his face as, a short time since, he laid down his pen after writing "Finis" at the end of "Doctor Pascal." As he has often told me, the pleasure of terminating a novel is the only pleasure that he takes in his works. What then must have been his feeling at terminating a sustained effort of twenty-five years of days on each of which he had worked towards this end?

CAPTAIN JONES OF "THE ROSE."

By W. Clark Russell.

SEVEN men sat in a gloomy wooden cave. Under a massive beam that ran athwart the ceiling swung a sort of coffee-pot, from the spout of which sputtered a smoking and stinking flame, whose disgusting fumes were to be everywhere tasted in the atmosphere of the darksome wooden cave. The seven men were seated, not on morocco chairs or velvet sofas, but on rude boxes, whose lids were scored by the cutting up of cake tobacco. There were one or two pillars or stanchions in this gloomy wooden cave, from which dangled several oilskin coats and oilskin leggings, and under the ceiling hung a number of bags called hammocks, with here and there a ragged blanket peeping over the edge, or an old shoe showing through the meshes. In the midst of the ceiling was a square hole called a hatch, down which this day there floated very little daylight, owing partly to the hatch being small, and partly to the sky being overcast with clouds.

Had these seven men seated in this interior been cleanly shaven, and had they been apparelled in well-washed colored shirts, sleeved waistcoats, comfortable trousers, and caps with naval peaks, they would have passed as a harmless, respectable body of seafaring men — persons who would say "mum" to a lady when addressed by her, and answer intelligently and respectfully when asked about the weather. But, as they now sat, they looked as sulky and wild a set of fellows as one could imagine—strangely and fearfully attired; grimy of face, and hairy; booted with half Wellingtons, and belted in Wapping fashion—and timid people would have thought that they carried a murderous air, because each man wore a sheath upon his hip, in which lay a very sharp blade.

The wooden cave in which these men sat, rose and fell as though it were the extreme end of a long board violently seesawed; and this motion, combined with the smell of the fumes of the slush-fed lamp and a vapor rising out of a small tub of boiled pork, not to mention other odors, such as might be produced by well-worn, newly-greased sea-boots, bedding which had made several voyages around the world, sooty clay pipes, old ropes, stale salt water, and many mysteries of malodorous commodities stowed below in the hold and forepeak, must instantly have upset the stomach of any landsman who, out of curiosity, should have put his head into the little hatch to see what was inside of it.

This cave was indeed a ship's forecastle, but the seven men who sat in it were mariners who had for many years been tossed by the various oceans of the world, and could not possibly have been made seasick, even though they should have been offered a handsome reward to try One of them was a large, strong man, with a shaggy head of hair and a beard like rope yarns. He looked as though he had taken a "header" and come up again to blow, crowned with seaweed. This strong man suddenly, and with a sulky fury of gesture, whipped the knife out of the sheath that was strapped to his hip, and, plunging it into a lump of pork, lifted the horrid block into the air, and cried out:

"Here it is agin!"

As he pronounced these words, the little square of hatch was obscured by the interposition of a man's body.

"The smell of that there pork," said the voice belonging to the body in the hatch, "is something to sit upon; something strong enough to lean agin. Why, a man might turn to and chop them fumes into first-class bunk boards. Talk o' strength!"

"Come below, cook!" bawled one of the seven men.

"No; I've got to see to the capt'n's dinner But I'm *of* ye, if there's to be trouble. When I signed, it was for wittles and a dry bottom and a ship's company. Pump, pump, and nothen to eat! Nothen to eat, and pump, pump! Here's logic as don't tally with this covey's reckoning for *one*." And the man, violently smiting himself upon the breast, disappeared.

The powerful sailor who had held the pork aloft while the cook discoursed, shook it off the blade into the tub again and spat.

"It's about time," said he, "that all hands was agreed."

"All hands is agreed," said one of the sailors, "'cepting that blooming Dutchman Peter. But if he don't come into it, it'll be a bad job for one of us if, on some dark night, him and me happens to be aloft together."

"That there Peter," said a sailor, "was a-boasting to me that he'd ha' shipped for a pound a month. D'ye know, he'd eat a shipmate's shirt if by so doing he thought he would airn a shilling by saving his allowance."

"This is sweet meat for Peter," said one of the seven, pointing to the pork, "and a pound a month is good money to Peter; and if Peter and the likes of him could get their way, then if ye wanted to see what sort of a man an English sailor looked like ye'd have to ask the master of the fust workhus as hove in sight to show ye him."

"What a blazing fool a fellow makes of hisself when he goes to sea!" exclaimed a man with red hair and a broken nose. "I might ha' been a market gard'ner had I stayed ashore. Think of that! What did I run away for? For the likes of this for a parlor," said he, waving his hand round the forecastle; "and for the likes of yon," pointing to the hammock, "for a bed; and the likes of that muck," he added, pointing to the pork, "as a meal. But no growling's allowed. Ho, no! Tell 'em that pickled dog ain't pork, and that wermin ain't ship's bread, and you're taken afore the magistrate and committed and locked up and left to rot, whilst the blooming Dutchmen are getting all the jobs, because pickled dog to them is pork and wermin a relish." He struck his fist heavily upon the chest on which he sat, and fastened his eyes upon his huge knuckles whilst he turned them about, as though he were inspecting a sample of coal.

"No use keeping all on grunting," exclaimed a quiet-looking seaman, addressing the others over his folded arms. "What's to be the horder of the day?"

"A bust-up," answered the strong man, who bore the nickname of Black Sam. "Here we are, sixteen days out, two hands overboard, and not enough men by six able seamen to work the ship; wessel making water, and requiring to be pumped every four hours; meat fit to make a wulture ill; ship's bread old and wormy, and the rest of us men's stores shop-sweepings. Now, this being so, I'm agoing to knock off work for one."

"And me for another—" "And me for another," went in a growl from mouth to mouth.

"There's the mate and there's the carpenter," continued Black Sam. "If the capt'n can work the ship with them two, well and good. But Peter he shan't have. Rather than that cuss of a Dutchman should be agin us and on the capt'n's side, I'd—" He projected his arm and seemed with his powerful hairy hand to strangle something in the air.

At this point the square of hatchway was again darkened, and the salt, husky voice of the carpenter called down: "Be—low there! Hain't the starboard watch got their dinner yet? Tumble up! Tumble up! The wind's drawed ahead, and the yards want trimming."

"Tumble up!" exclaimed Black Sam. "Don't you be holding your nose too long over the hatch, or it'll be you as'll be tumbling down. Can't ye smell it? Oh, it's nothen but us men's dinner! There's plenty left if ye've a mind for a bite."

"Who's that a-jawing?" exclaimed Mr. Chips, who combined the duty of second mate with that of ship's carpenter. "Tumble up, I tell you. The wind's drawed ahead."

"Catch it and smell it for yourself," shouted a seaman, plunging his hand into the mess kid, and hurling a lump of pork through the hatch. The sailors heard the hurried steps of Mr. Chips as he went aft.

"He'll be telling the old man," said Black Sam; "let's go on deck and have it out, lads. I'll do the talking part, with your good leave. We don't want no language. Civility's a trump card in these here trawerses. We all knows what we mean to get, and I'll say it for ye."

He led the way; his shipmates followed; they gained the forecastle and stood in a group, gazing at the after part of the ship.

The vessel was "The Rose," from Liverpool to an East African port. She was an old-fashioned composite ship, but her lines were those of a yacht, and there were few vessels then afloat which could look at her on a bowline. Her yards were immensely square, and she carried swinging booms and main skysail mast, and her burden was between six and seven hundred tons. Such a ship as this demanded twenty of a crew at the least, not to mention master, mates, and "idlers." Instead of twenty, "The Rose" had sailed with ten men in the forecastle and a cook in the galley; and the others were a carpenter, who acted as second mate, an only mate, and the captain. Of the slender crew, two had been swept overboard in a gale of wind. They were foreigners, and the English jacks did not lament their shipmates' end, but, on the contrary, grinned fiendishly when it was discovered that the foreigners were gone; and they hideously wished that all Dutchmen who signed articles for the red ensign of England would go and fall overboard as those two foreigners had, and as promptly, too, so that nobody concerned might be kept waiting.

During the gale in which the two Dutchmen had perished, the ship had been so strained as to oblige the hands to serve the pumps every four hours. Undermanned, leaky, the provisions rotten! There must be a limit to patience and endurance, even though the sufferer be a sailor. The seven seamen lumped together on the forecastle of "The Rose" stood staring aft. The cook, a pale man, lounged in his galley door, half in and half out, and his face wore an expression of sour expectation. The carpenter, as I may call him, was talking to the captain, and the only mate was slowly rising through the companion hatch as the body of seamen stood staring.

The captain, whose name was Jones, was a tall, lean, gaunt man, his face of the color of sulphur, his appearance decidedly Yankee, though he happened to belong to Limehouse. He wore square-toed boots, a cloak that might have been taken from the shoulders of a stage bandit, and a sugar-loafed hat. The hair on his face consisted of a beard that fell from under his chin like a goat's, and his eyes were black, brilliant, and restless.

The only mate, whose name was Johnson, was about half the captain's height. The ocean had done its work with him—had withered up his face, dried the marrow out of his bones, put a turn in either leg, so that his walk was like a pantomime clown's. Instead of being an only mate he should have formed the eighth part of a mate. You would have thought that eight at least of such men as Mr. Johnson should go to the making of an only mate for "The Rose," had you sent your glance from his dried and kinked figure to the body of men forward, more particularly to the giant Black Sam, who, with the rest, continued to gaze aft.

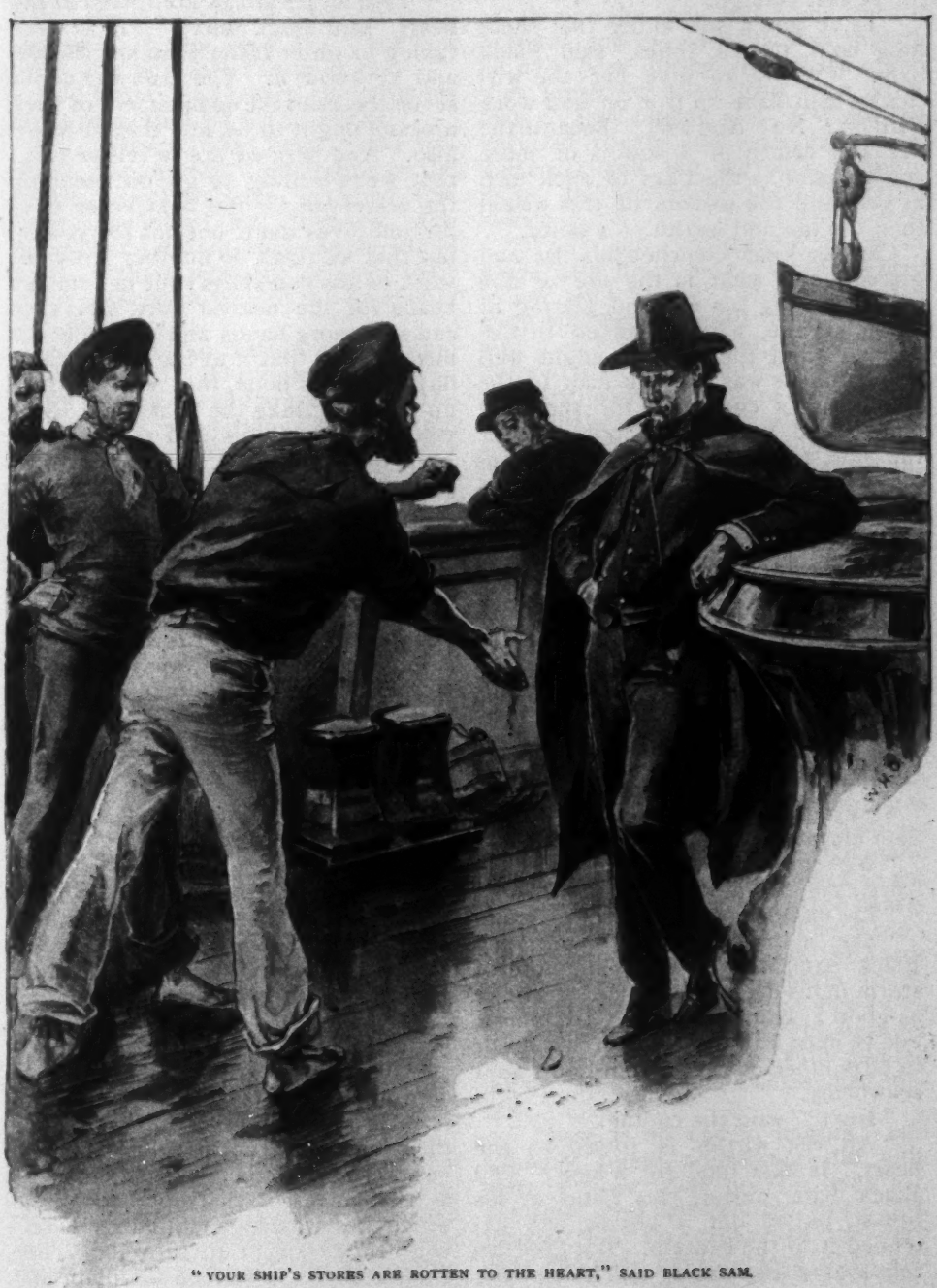
The carpenter, or second mate, was a brown-faced man of about fifty, but brine had taken the place of blood in his veins, and he looked sixty, with his white locks and rounded back, and long, hanging arms, whose fingers were curled in the manner of fish-hooks. At the wheel stood the Scandinavian seaman Peter, the like of whom you may see any day blowing in a German band in the streets of London; veal-colored, freckled, yellow-haired, a figure loosely put together, and as meaningless an expression of countenance as a dab's.

The captain was pulling at a long cigar that drooped between his lips. Presently he pulled his cigar from his

mouth, and shouted: "We don't want all hands. The starboard watch can trim sail. Trim sail, starboard watch!" and, replacing his cigar, he fell to swiftly striding the quarter-deck to and fro.

The seven sailors marched aft and came to a stand a little abaft the mainmast. Black Sam advanced himself by a step, and exclaimed:

"Capt'n Jones, us men don't mean to do no more work until our wrongs are righted."



"YOUR SHIP'S STORES ARE ROTTEN TO THE HEART," SAID BLACK SAM.

The captain, speaking with the cigar in his mouth, halted opposite the men and said: "What are your wrongs? Are ye too well fed? Are ye growing too fat for the want of work? Say the word, and I'll right them wrongs for ye fast enough."

"Ye've got a sow under that there long boat, Capt'n Jones," said Black Sam. "Would ye give her the wittles us men have to live on and work hard on? No? And why? Because the life and health of a sow is of more consequence to the likes of such men as you and the owners of this wessel than the life and health of a sailor."

Captain Jones clenched his fist and glared. But what is the use of one man clenching his fist and glaring at seven savage, hairy, resolved British seamen? and the captain might well know that he was but one man to the whole ship's company, for the only mate stood at the rail, looking over the side, as though he were a passenger willing to listen, but rather anxious not to be "involved;" while the carpenter had stepped aft, and was dividing his attention between the compass card and the main royal. The captain looked around him. He then puffed a few moments at his cigar, while an expression entered his face that would have persuaded shrewder observers than the sailors he confronted that he intended to keep his temper.

"What have you to complain of?"

Several sailors spoke at once. Black Sam elevated his immense, hairy fist.

"We complain of this," said he: "first, the ship ain't seaworthy."

"Lie number one," said the captain.

"She ain't seaworthy," continued Black Sam, with a menacing note of storm in his deepening voice. "You're as good a sailor as we are, I suppose, and ye must know that a ship that needs to be pumped out every four hours ain't seaworthy."

"Next?" said the captain.

"All the wittles is rotten to the heart. Is this food for a man?" and Black Sam, putting his hand in his breast, pulled out a biscuit and extended it to the captain. But the captain looked elsewhere; and Black Sam, with his face full of blood, dashed the biscuit onto the deck at the captain's feet, on which one of the sailors cried out: "See how they run!"

"Lie number two," said the captain. "Next?"

"Your ship's stores are rotten to the heart," said Black Sam. "The vessel's taking in water faster than she should, and ye know it. The crew are about seven less than the complement of such a vessel ought to be, and that ye know also. And here we are to tell ye this: that we're willing to go on pumping the vessel out for the next three days for our lives' sake, but not for yourn; but that we don't do another stroke of work unless you shifts your hellum and heads for the nearest port, where ye can ship more hands and wittles fit for men to eat. But if at the end of three days nothen's done, then we shall give up pumping, take the boats, and leave you and Mr. Chips and the mate to keep the ship afloat by yourselves, if ye can.— That's your mind, mates?"

"That's our mind!" was echoed in a hurricane chorus.

The captain looked up aloft at his canvas, then around at the sea, then at his only mate, and at Chips the carpenter, and at Peter at the wheel. His sulphur-colored face was dark with temper. Nevertheless he spoke deliberately:

"This ship's going to make her passage. The leak's nothing, the stores are first class, and there are more of ye than are wanted to do the work of the vessel."

He called to Mr. Johnson, the only mate, who approached him with a glance at the men that was certainly not remarkable for spirit.

"Mr. Johnson," said the captain, "you've heard what's passed?"

"I have, sir," answered the only mate.

"These fellows will go forward," continued the captain; "they will swing in their hammocks and they will smoke their pipes; but no more stores are to be served out to them—no, not so much as a fragment of that excellent bread which lies wasted on the deck here—until they consent to turn to. Then, I don't doubt, it will be all plain sail-

ing again. Go forward now!" he cried, in a voice the sudden ring of which was like the report of a pistol. "Mr. Johnson, I'll take the wheel, while you, Mr. Chips, and Peter trim sail."

"Peter!" roared Black Sam, "we men have knocked off work till we're righted. If you lend the capt'n a hand, and side with him agin us——"

And again he advanced his enormous arm and caused his fist to writhe.

"Mr. Cheeps," said Peter, "take this wheel; I am onwell," and, letting go the spokes, the Dutchman marched forward and joined his shipmates, who roared out a defiant huzza as the whole eight of them, with the cook in their wake, made their way to the forecastle and disappeared.

Sailors have no friends, and Captain Jones knew it. There are societies in Great Britain for the prevention of the ill usage of most things living, from women to dogs, from children to dicky birds, but there is no society for the prevention of cruelty to sailors. Captain Jones knew that he had the power to starve his men into compliance. Nevertheless, he passed a very uneasy night. When the morning broke, he and the only mate and Mr. Chips were nearly dead of fatigue, for wind had risen in the hours of darkness, and the ship was a big one, and there were but two men, the third being at the wheel, to let go and clew up, and haul down and make snug, as best two men might.

When the morning broke, Captain Jones looked as if he had just come out of hospital; Mr. Chips, who stood at the wheel, might readily have passed for a man of seventy; and the only mate, who was lighting the galley fire, showed as if he had been towed overboard during the greater part of the night.

"Those blackguards in the forecastle will be wanting their breakfast," said the captain, "and you'll have them laying aft presently and asking to turn to."

The men, however, did not show themselves. They perfectly understood that the ship could not be navigated as things went, and that the captain must come round to their views before the day had passed, and indeed long before the day passed, should a change of weather happen presently; and they grinned, man after man, as they furtively peeped through the scuttle and saw old Chips at the wheel, looking seventy years old, and Captain Jones as though he was just come out of hospital, and the only mate as though he had been towed overboard; and they preserved their grin, man after man, as they looked aloft and saw the unfurled royals and topgallant sails fluttering, and the staysails hanging loose, and the yards very ill braced indeed.

"We've got yesterday's muck of pork," said Black Sam, "and the bread locker ain't empty. If the old man were the devil himself we'd weather him out. But the ship mustn't be allowed to sink this side of three days;" and forthwith the sailors grimly rose through the hatch, and in silence walked to the pumps, which they plied until they sucked, and then returned to the forecastle. But there was no novelty in this proceeding, for they had kept their faith with the captain, and at every four hours throughout the night a gang had turned out to pump the ship.

While Captain Jones, sitting on the skylight, was drinking some coffee which the only mate had boiled, the carpenter, Mr. Chips, munching a biscuit at his side, and the only mate munching another biscuit at the wheel, a sail hove in view. The breeze was light and the sea smooth. Captain Jones hoisted the English ensign union down, and at about nine o'clock in the morning the two vessels were nearly abreast of each other, "The Rose" with her topsail to the mast, the yards having been swung by Captain Jones, and Mr. Chips taking the braces to the quarter-deck capstan. The stranger was a large, light bark with painted ports. She, too, had backed her topsail.

"There is no use in hailing," said Captain Jones, addressing the only mate; "lower that quarter boat, Mr. Johnson, and go aboard with Mr. Chips. Tell the captain of the bark that my men have refused duty, and

ask him if he can oblige us with the loan of a couple of hands to carry the bark to ——," and he named a convenient port.

Forthwith a boat was lowered, and in a few minutes Mr. Chips and the only mate were pulling away as for their lives for the big, tight bark with painted ports. The captain, grasping the wheel, stood watching. Now and again a hairy head showed in the forecastle hatch, and the noise of a hoarse laugh floated aft to the ears of Captain Jones. The boat gained the side of the bark, a rope's end was thrown, and the only mate made the boat fast to it. Both men then clambered over the side of the vessel and disappeared.

The captain gazed eagerly, and, while he stood looking, a hoarse voice roared the following weather-worn lines through the forecastle scuttle:

"You Parliament of England, you Lords and Commons, too,
Consider well what you're about, and what you mean to do;
You're now at war with Yankees: I'm sure you'll rue the day
You roused the sons of Liberty in North Americay."

The time passed. Captain Jones stood at the wheel with his eyes fixed upon the bark. Suddenly he ran to the companion way, picked a telescope out of its brackets, and, kneeling at the rail, directed the glass at the bark. He remained motionless with his eye at the telescope for some minutes, then stood up and sent a glance aloft, and a look that swept the wide platform of his own decks, and his hollow, gaunt countenance wore an expression of perplexity, dismay, and wrath, all combining in a look that made him appear more than ever as though just out of hospital.

"By this and by that and by t'other," he roared, using words which, as they cannot be described, must be left to the imagination, "who'd ha' thought it of two such this and that and something else sniggering whelps?" and even as he thus used language which cannot be written, the bark swung her yards so as to fill upon the sails, and letting go Captain Jones's boat, which dropped, quietly rocking, astern, glided along her course, her flying jibboom end pointing at something west of north.

Captain Jones stood looking as though bereft of his reason, and many and awful were the sea words which leapt from his lips. Again he looked along his deserted decks. There was nothing to be seen in the shape of human nature but a single head showing in the forescuttle, and this head appeared to be graphically describing what its eyes beheld to the hidden mob beneath, else how should Captain Jones account for the continued roar of derisive laughter which saluted his ears? He stood alone upon his deck. Either the only mate and the carpenter had been kidnapped, or they had deserted him; and Captain Jones was perfectly right in not doubting for a moment that they had deserted him.

He rushed forward.

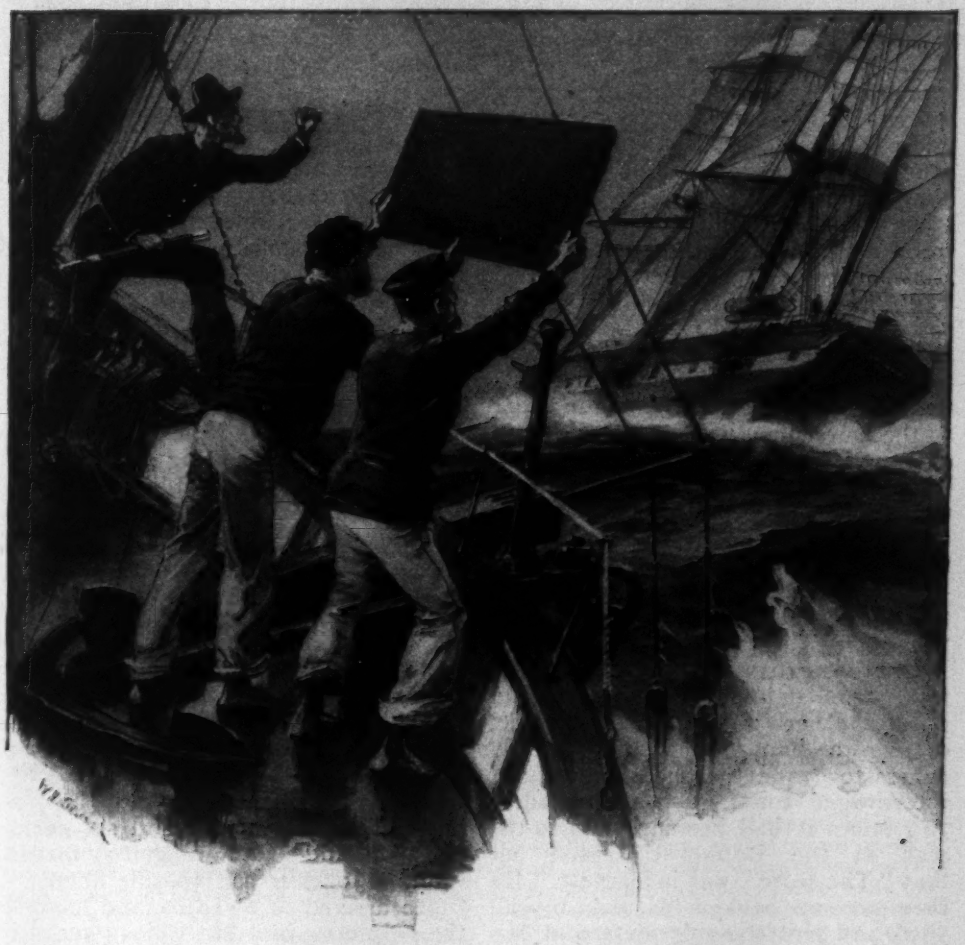
"Men," he bawled, "up with ye! You shall have your way. I'm a lonely man. Don't stop to consider. Ye shall have your way, but you must bear a hand."

Upon this, up through the hatch, with the agility of a seaman, sprang Black Sam. He was followed by the cook and Peter, and in a jiffy all hands were on deck.

"See that bark?" roared the captain. "The mate and Mr. Chips have deserted me for her. They've stolen my boat. No! I'm not going to stop to pick her up. She'll be fifteen pounds against Mr. Johnson and six months atop of it for robbery. I'm going to follow that bark; I'm going to get those two men out of her. If the bark don't surrender 'em, I'm going to run her down. Turn to now, my lads, and you shall have your way."

"Well, we see you're in a hurry, Cap'n," said Black Sam; "and as ye know what our wrongs is, and as ye mean to right 'em in the manner I took the liberty of pointing out yesterday, vy, we'll turn to. Give your orders, and you'll find us willing."

The captain forthwith gave his orders. His commands would not be understood by the landsman. Enough if I say that in a very short time "The Rose," fully clothed in canvas, was



THE BLACKBOARD WAS HELD ON HIGH BY A COUPLE OF SEAMEN.

standing with her head direct for the bark, an able seaman at her wheel, the captain pacing the quarter-deck, the cook preparing breakfast for the men in the galley, and the sailors, each of them with a glass of grog in him, looking at the distant figure of the bark over the bows.

"The Rose," as I have said, was a clipper. The wind had somewhat freshened, and in this pursuit the vessel brought it about a point before the beam. Far ahead leaned the bark, tall and unsightly, heeling out to the sun a space of green copper, while at this moment a foretopmast studding-sail went slowly soaring to the yard-arm. Captain Jones gave a loud laugh of contempt. He knew that his ship could sail three feet to the bark's one, even though the chase should heap the canvas of a Royal George upon herself. He went on to his forecastle and sent a man aft for a large blackboard, upon which he wrote in chalk:

GIVE 'EM UP OR—
I'LL RUN YOU DOWN.

As "The Rose" overhauled the bark —and had she been a steamer she could not have overtaken her more swiftly— the blackboard was held on high by a couple of seamen so that it could be read on board the stranger. Captain Jones on the forecastle head watched

the chase through his glass. The words "Martha M. Stubbs, Windsor, N. S.," were written in large white letters upon her stern. Nothing was to be seen of Mr. Chips and the only mate. A man wearing a fur hat resembling Robinson Crusoe's paced the short poop of the bark. He carried a glass in his hand, and, to judge by the frequent glances he directed at "The Rose," it was to be guessed that he had interpreted the handwriting on the blackboard.

The breeze freshened. Sheets and tacks strained to the increased pressure. "The Rose," with foam midway to the hawsepipe, went steering alongside the bark within pistol shot.

"Hard up!" shrieked the man in the Robinson Crusoe cap, and the fellow at the helm made the wheel spin like the driving-wheel of a locomotive.

"Hard up and into him!" roared Captain Jones, and round fizzed the wheel of "The Rose" in true firework fashion.

For the next two hours "The Rose" was occupied in endeavoring to run down the bark; the bark, on her side, cutting a hundred nimble nautical capers to evade the shearing stem of the enraged Jones. But at the end of two hours it had become plain to the man in the Robinson Crusoe hat that "The Rose" was in earnest. He then gave up, backed his main topsail yard, and sent the only mate and Mr. Chips aboard "The Rose" in a boat pulled by two men. Captain Jones at once put Mr. Chips into irons and sent the only mate to his cabin. He then called to the two fellows who were sitting in the boat under the gangway:

"Are ye undermanned?"

"Fearful—ly," was the answer.

"I thought so," said Captain Jones. "Step on board, my livelies, and have a glass of grog afore you return."

The two men cheerfully crawled over the side, but instead of giving them a glass of grog apiece, Captain Jones ordered them forward to turn to with the rest of the crew, and with his own hand let go the line which held the bark's boat to "The Rose." Sail was then trimmed, and in less than three hours the bark was hull down, though still in pursuit of "The Rose."

The only mate admitted, with a countenance of hate and loathing, that he was sick of "The Rose," sick of Captain Jones; that he hadn't any intention of working a big vessel of nearly seven hundred tons single-handed with old Chips the carpenter; and, that, when he boarded the bark and heard that she was very short-handed, he accepted the captain's handsome offer of a number of dollars for the rest of the run to Windsor, as did Mr. Chips. The only mate added that both he and Mr. Chips were in debt to "The Rose" as it was, and that Captain Jones would have been welcome to their clothes and nautical instruments had the Nova Scotiaman succeeded in getting clear off.

Captain Jones's troubles were not yet at an end. He wished to put into Lisbon, but the crew refused to work the ship unless he returned to England.

"We're not going to be convarted into blooming distressed mariners," said the crew of "The Rose." "No consuls for us. We know them gents. They'll find everything all right, stores sweet, crew plentiful, ship tight, and we know how it'll be: a blooming Portugee jail, then a trip home, and a blooming magisterial inquiry and six weeks o' quod," and so blooming, they forced Captain Jones to sail his ship home.

He arrived at Swansea, and handed the only mate and Mr. Chips over into the hands of justice. He offered to ship two more hands if his old crew would sail with him, but they said no, not if he shipped two hundred more hands; and so they were taken before the magistrates, who found the captain in the right, and punished the men by a term of imprisonment far in excess of any penalty in jail and hard labor which they would have inflicted upon a man who had merely broken his wife's skull with his heel, or who had only been systematically starving and cruelly treating his child of ten ever since the neighbors could remember.

Captain Jones shipped a fresh crew and another only mate and a new carpenter, but though he stopped his leak, he did not ship fresh stores. He sailed out of Swansea Bay October 11, 1869, and has not since been heard of.

"HUMAN DOCUMENTS."

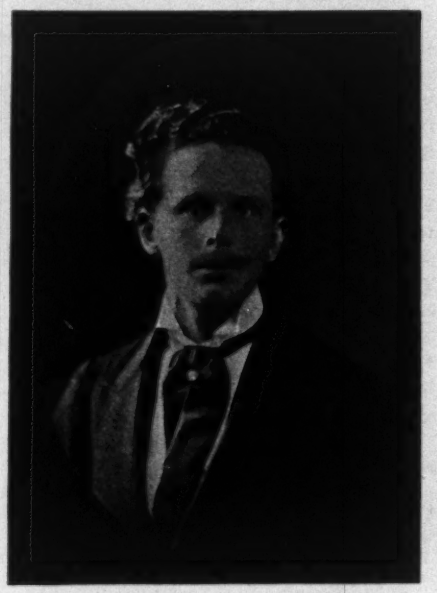
BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND is the son of a Henry Drummond, and was born at Stirling, Scotland, in 1851. After completing courses of study at Edinburgh University, and Tübingen University, Germany, he studied divinity, and, on his ordination as a minister, entered the missionary service at Malta. In 1877 he became a lecturer in science at the Free Church College, Glasgow, and in 1884 a professor. But he did not lose his high philanthropic and reformatory spirit on coming into these scholastic preferments. Instead, he continued his missionary labors ardently, in connection with the Workingmen's Mission in Glasgow. In 1883 he published "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," a book which has made his name a household word in all Christian countries. It has passed through some thirty editions, and has been translated into French, German, Dutch, and Norwegian. Yet more widely known is a published sermon, "The Greatest Thing in the World." Three years ago there had been two hundred and twenty thousand copies of this sold, and the sale has shown little or no falling off since. Following this came another sermon, "Pax Vobiscum," which has also been very widely read; and last year these two and six later ones were collected into a single volume under the title of "Addresses." Professor Drummond has been much of a traveller. He has visited America several times, and has been in Australia and Africa. In 1888 he published a book on "Tropical Africa" which has had scarcely less popularity than his religious and scientific writings. The secret of this popularity is not far to seek: Professor Drummond infallibly has something instructive or helpful to say, and he says it in the directest, simplest, most telling way possible.

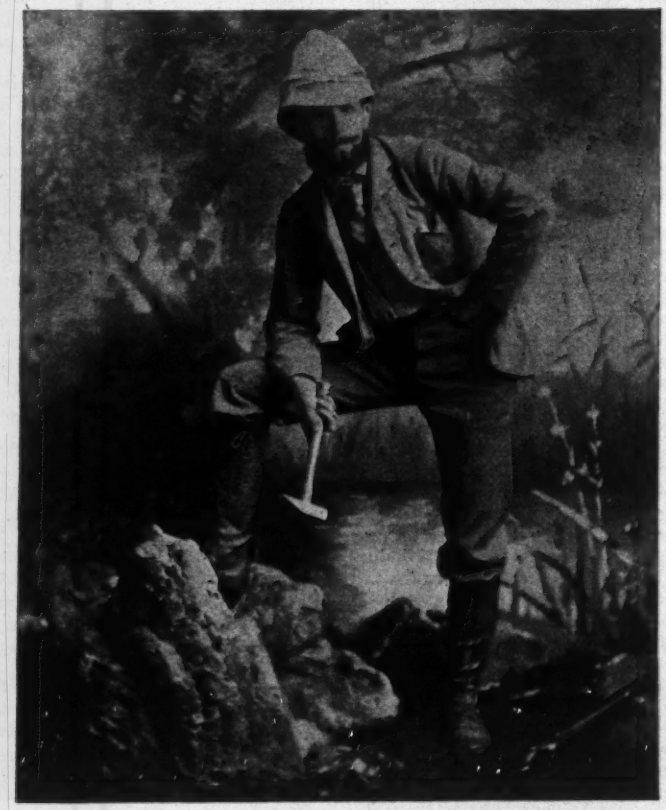
ANDREW CARNEGIE was born November 25, 1835. Though born in Scotland (in the town of Dunfermline), of Scotch parents, he might almost be described as by birth an American; for that strenuous republicanism which is one of his fundamental characteristics he inherits from his father, who was driven by it and the hardness of his lot as an humble weaver into removing to the United States when Andrew was yet a lad of ten years. The family settled in Pittsburgh, the scene of Mr. Carnegie's greatest business achievements; and at twelve years of age Mr. Carnegie began life on his own account by taking charge of a small stationary engine. A little later he entered the telegraph service, first as a messenger, then as an operator; and thence, by a natural progress, he passed into the railroad service, and became in time a division superintendent. The foundation of his great wealth was derived from an association with Mr. Woodruff in the latter's sleeping-car invention, while the invention was yet soliciting acceptance of the railroads. He also made a handsome sum of money out of oil and oil-lands, and then he began that series of enterprises which has finally grown to be "the most extensive and complete system of iron and steel industries ever controlled by an individual." Mr. Carnegie has been as liberal in dispensing his fortune as he was skillful in making it. His benefactions have been by the tens and hundreds of thousands. He is the author of "Triumphant Democracy; or, Fifty Years' March of the Republic," and of several other books.

MISS ELLEN ALICE TERRY, the actress, is so carefully studied in an article printed farther on in this number of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE, that a note here is scarcely needed. Still it may serve the reader's convenience to recite that Miss Terry was born at Coventry, England, February 27, 1848; that she made her first appearance on the stage under the management of Mrs. Charles Kean, at the Princess Theatre, London; and that her first appearance under Mr. Irving's management occurred December 30, 1878, when she played Ophelia to Mr. Irving's Hamlet. She and Irving paid their first professional visit to the United States in 1883, and were received with the highest approval. They came again the next year; and within a month they have finished a third visit, which has added new assurance to their fame.

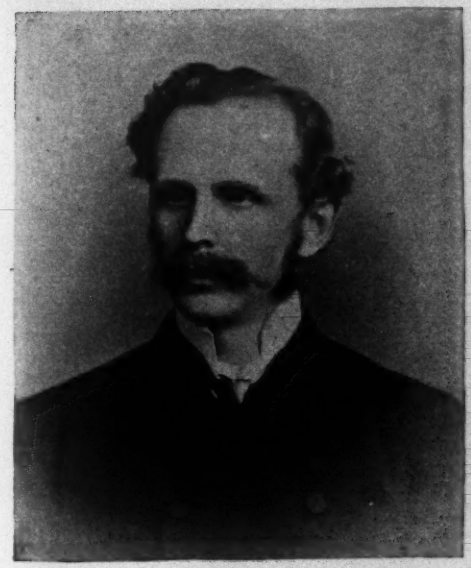
FROM AN EARLY MINIATURE.



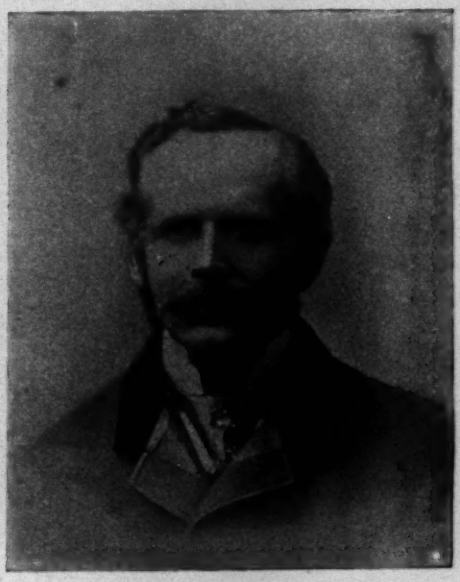
WHEN A FRESHMAN IN COLLEGE. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CROWE AND RODGERS, STIRLING.



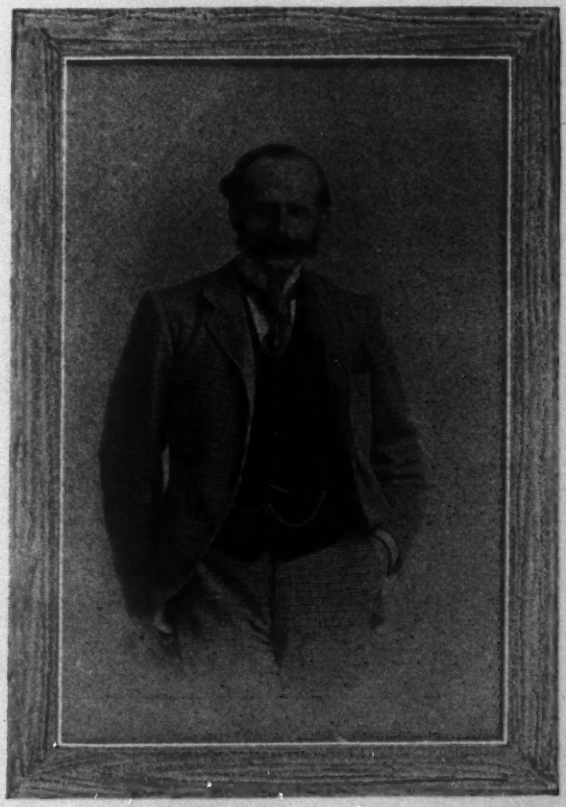
AS A TRAVELLER IN CENTRAL AFRICA. AGE 35 OR 36.



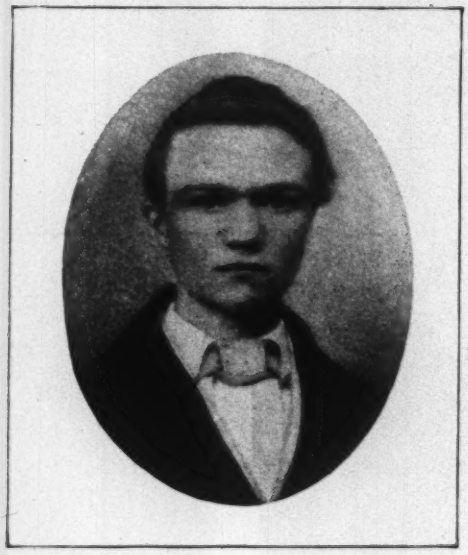
AGE 37. 1888. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, DUBLIN.



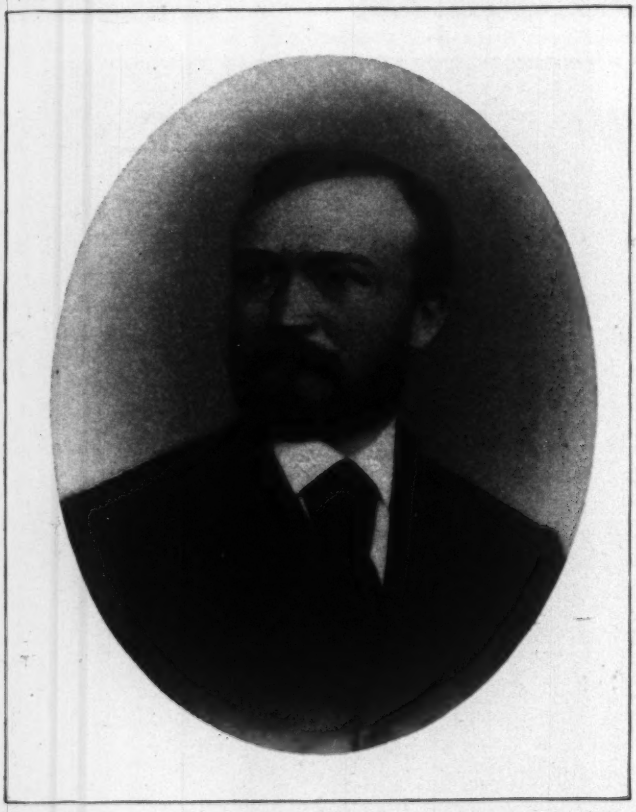
AGE 39. 1890.



IN 1893. FROM A SNAP SHOT IN QUEBEC.

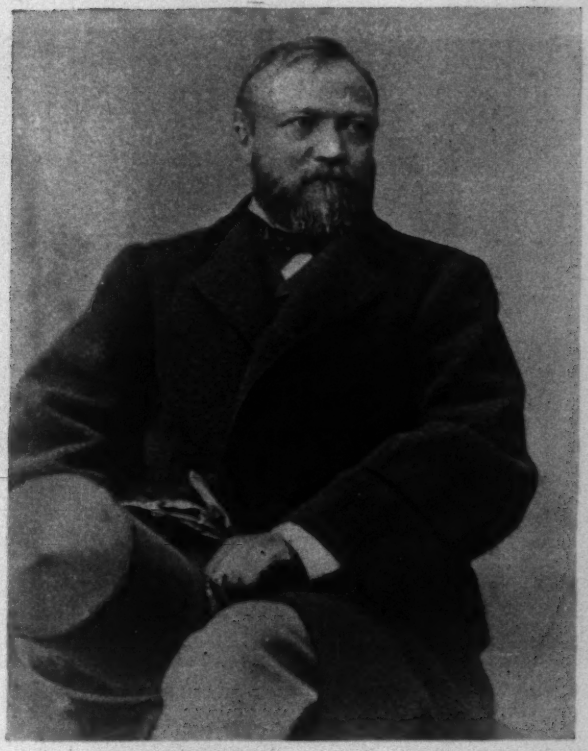


IN YOUTH.

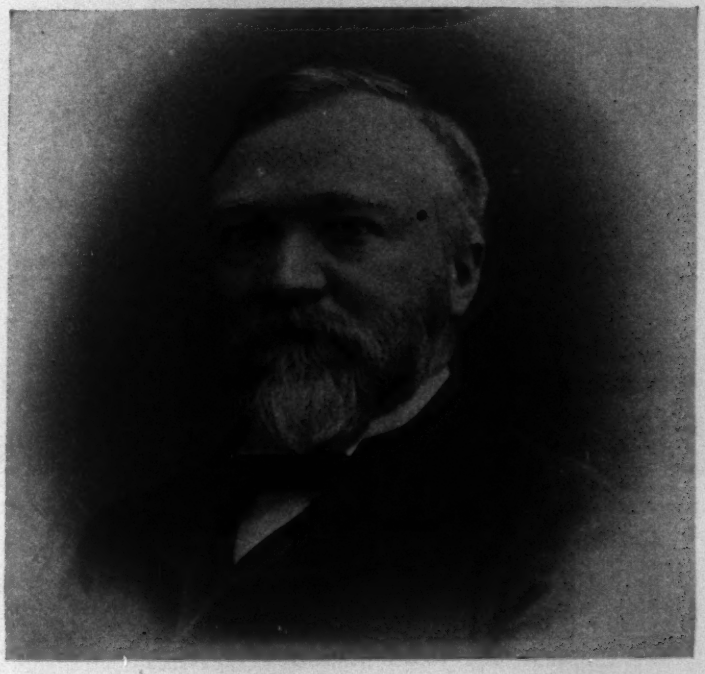


IN EARLY MANHOOD.

NOTE.—These two portraits of Mr. Carnegie are from miniatures on ivory kindly loaned for the purpose by the family. The exact date of them could not be ascertained.



ABOUT 1890 AGE 55 FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. KURTZ, NEW YORK.

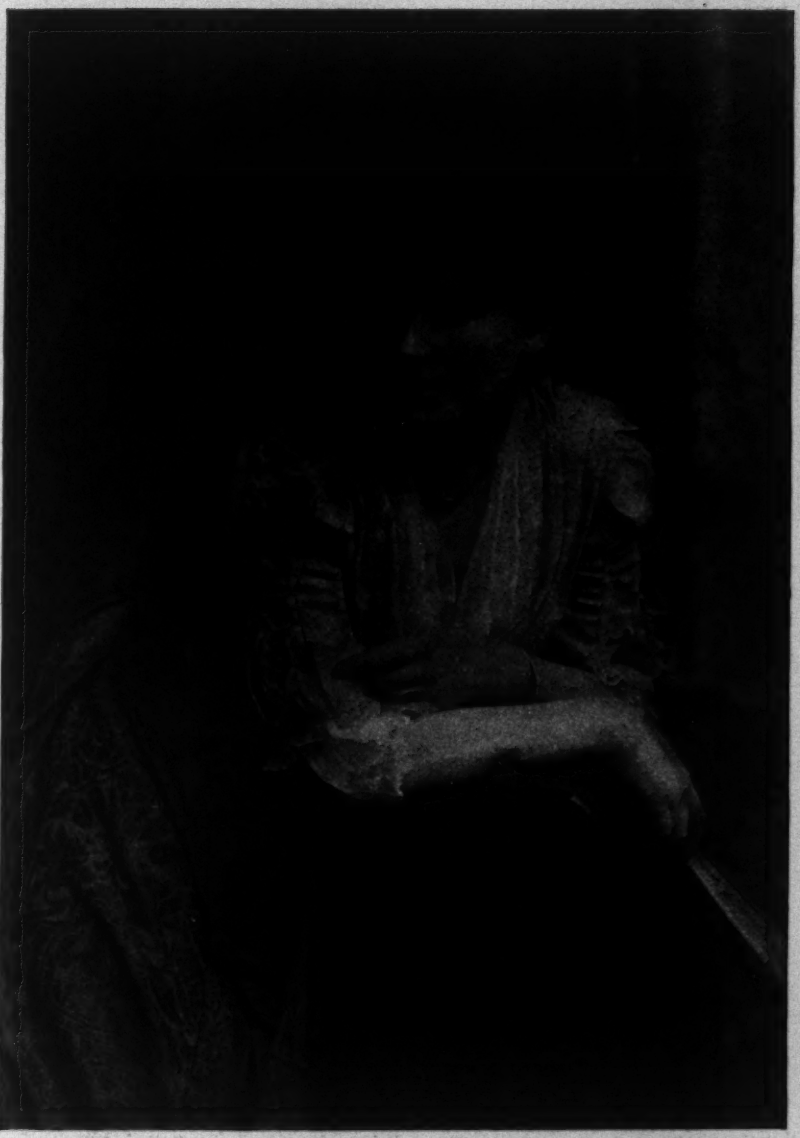


ANDREW CARNEGIE AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MACINTYRE, DUNFERMLINE.

AGE 12. 1860. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN LONDON BY HERBERT WATKINS.

AGE 17. 1865. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. N. KING, BATH.

AGE 22. 1870. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.



MISS TERRY AT THE PRESENT TIME. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC CO.

MISS TERRY AS "OPHELIA." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, LONDON.

MISS TERRY AS "QUEEN HENRIETTA MARIA." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, LONDON.

MISS TERRY AS 'FAIR ROSAMUND." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, LONDON.

MISS TERRY AS "BEATRICE." FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, LONDON.

THE TYPEWRITTEN LETTER.

By Robert Barr.

WHEN a man has battled with poverty all his life, fearing it as he fought it, feeling for its skinny throat to throttle it, and yet dreading all the while the coming of the time when it would gain the mastery and throttle him—when such a man is told that he is rich, it might be imagined he would receive the announcement with hilarity. When Richard Denham realized that he was wealthy he became even more sobered than usual, and drew a long breath as if he had been running a race and had won it. The man who brought him the news had no idea he had told Denham anything novel. He merely happened to say, "You are a rich man, Mr. Denham, and will never miss it."

Denham had never before been called a rich man, and up to that moment he had not thought of himself as wealthy. He wrote out the check asked of him, and his visitor departed gratefully, leaving the merchant with something to ponder over. He was as surprised with the suddenness of the thing as if some one had left him a legacy. Yet the money was all of his own accumulating; but his struggle had been so long, and he had been so hopeless about it, that from mere habit he exerted all his energies long after the enemy was overcome—just as the troops at New Orleans fought a fierce battle not knowing the war was over. He had sprung from such a hopelessly poor family. Poverty had been their inheritance from generation to generation. It was the invariable legacy that father had left to son in the Denham family. All had accepted their lot with uncomplaining resignation, until Richard resolved he would at least have a fight for it. And now the fight had been won. Denham sat in his office, staring at the dingy wall-paper, so long that Rogers, the chief clerk, put his head in, and said in a deferential voice:

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

Denham started as if that question, in that tone, had not been asked him every night for years.

"What's that? what's that?" he cried.

Rogers was astonished, but too well trained to show it.

"Anything more to-night, Mr. Denham?"

"Ah, quite so. No, Rogers, thank you, nothing more."

"Good-night, Mr. Denham."

"Eh? Oh, yes. Good night, Rogers, good night."

When Mr. Denham left his office and went out into the street, everything had an unusual appearance to him. He walked long, unheeding the direction. He looked at the fine residences, and realized that he might have a fine residence if he wanted it. He saw handsome carriages; he, too, might set up an equipage. The satisfaction these thoughts produced was brief. Of what use would a fine house or an elegant carriage be to him? He knew no one to invite to the house or to ride with him in the carriage. He began to realize how utterly alone in the world

HE WROTE OUT THE CHECK ASKED OF HIM.

he was. He had no friends, no acquaintances even. The running dog, with its nose to the ground, sees nothing of the surrounding scenery. He knew men in a business way, of course, and doubtless each of them had a home in the suburbs somewhere, but he could not take a business man by the shoulders and say to him, "Invite me to your house; I am lonely; I want to know people."

If he got such an invitation, he would not know what to do with himself. He was familiar with the counting-room and its language, but the drawing-room was an unexplored country to him, where an unknown tongue was spoken. On the road to wealth he had missed something, and it was now too late to go back for it. Only the day before, he had heard one of the clerks, who did not know he was within earshot, allude to him as "the old man." He felt as young as ever he did; but the phrase, so lightly spoken, made him catch his breath.

As he was now walking through the park, and away from the busy streets, he took off his hat and ran his fingers through his grizzled hair, looking at his hand when he had done so as if the gray, like wet paint, had come off. He thought of a girl he knew once, who perhaps would have married him if he had asked her, as he was tempted to do. But that had always been the mistake of the Denhams. They had all married young except himself, and so sunk deeper into the mire of poverty, pressed down by a rapidly-increasing progeny. The girl had married a baker, he remembered. Yes, that was a long time ago. The clerk was not far wrong when he called him an old man. Suddenly, another girl arose before his mental vision—a modern girl—very different indeed to the one who married the baker. She was the only woman in the world with whom he was on speaking terms, and he knew her merely because her light and nimble fingers played the business sonata of one note on his office typewriter. Miss Gale was pretty, of course—all typewriter girls are—and it was generally understood in the office that she belonged to a good family who had come down in the world. Her somewhat independent air deepened this conviction, and kept the clerks at a distance. She was a sensible girl, who realized that the typewriter paid better than the piano, and accordingly turned the expertness of her white fingers to the former instrument. Richard Denham sat down upon a park bench. "Why not?" he asked himself. There was no reason against it, except that he felt he had not the

courage. Nevertheless he formed a desperate resolution.

Next day, business went on as usual. Letters were answered, and the time arrived when Miss Gale came in to see if he had any further commands that day. Denham hesitated. He felt vaguely that a business office was not the proper place for a proposal; yet he knew he would be at a disadvantage anywhere else. In the first place, he had no plausible excuse for calling upon the young woman at home; and, in the second place, he knew if he once got there he would be stricken dumb. It must either be at his office or nowhere.

"Sit down a moment, Miss Gale," he said at last. "I wanted to consult you about a matter—about a business matter."

Miss Gale seated herself, and automatically placed on her knee the shorthand writing-pad, ready to take down his instructions. She looked up at him expectantly. Denham, in an embarrassed manner, ran his fingers through his hair.

HE TOOK OFF HIS HAT AND RAN HIS FINGERS THROUGH HIS GRIZZLED HAIR.

"I am thinking," he began, "of taking a partner. The business is very prosperous now. In fact, it has been so for some time."

"Yes?" said Miss Gale interrogatively.

"Yes. I think I should have a partner. It is about that I wanted to speak to you."

"Don't you think it would be better to consult with Mr. Rogers? He knows more about business than I. But perhaps it is Mr. Rogers who is to be the partner?"

"No, it is not Rogers. Rogers is a good man. But—it is not Rogers."

"Then I think in an important matter like this, Mr. Rogers, or someone who knows the business as thoroughly as he does, would be able to give you advice that would be of some value."

"I don't want advice exactly. I have made up my mind to have a partner, if the partner is willing."

Denham mopped his brow. It was going to be even more difficult than he had anticipated.

"Is it, then, a question of the capital the partner is to bring in?" asked Miss Gale, anxious to help him.

"No, no. I don't wish any capital. I have enough for both. And the business is very prosperous, Miss Gale—and—and has been."

The young woman raised her eyebrows in surprise.

"You surely don't intend to share the profits with a partner who brings no capital into the business?"

"Yes—yes, I do. You see, as I said, I have no need for more capital."

"Oh, if that is the case, I think you should consult Mr. Rogers before you commit yourself."

"But Rogers wouldn't understand."

"I'm afraid I don't understand, either. It seems to me a foolish thing to do—that is, if you want my advice."

"Oh, yes, I want it. But it isn't as foolish as you think. I

should have had a partner long ago. That is where I made the mistake. I've made up my mind on that."

"Then I don't see that I can be of any use—if your mind is already made up."

"Oh, yes, you can. I'm a little afraid that my offer may not be accepted."

"It is sure to be, if the man has any sense. No fear of such an offer being refused. Offers like that are not to be had every day. It will be accepted."

"WHY NOT?"

"Do you really think so, Miss Gale? I am glad that is your opinion. Now, what I wanted to consult you about, is the form of the offer. I would like to put it—well—delicately, you know, so that it would not be refused, nor give offence."

"I see. You want me to write a letter to him?"

"Exactly, exactly," cried Denham with some relief. He had not thought of sending a letter before. Now he wondered why he had not thought of it. It was so evidently the best way out of a situation that was extremely disconcerting.

"Have you spoken to him about it?"

"To him? What him?"

"To your future partner, about the proposal?"

"No, no. Oh, no. That is—I have spoken to nobody but you."

"And you are determined not to speak to Mr. Rogers before you write?"

"Certainly not. It's none of Rogers's business."

"Oh, very well," said Miss Gale shortly, bending over her writing-pad.

It was evident that her opinion of Denham's wisdom was steadily lowering. Suddenly she looked up.

"How much shall I say the annual profits are? Or do you want that mentioned?"

"I—I don't think I would mention that. You see, I don't wish this arrangement to be carried out on a monetary basis—not altogether."

"On what basis, then?"

"Well—I can hardly say. On a personal basis, perhaps. I rather hope that the person—that my partner—would, you know, like to be associated with me."

"On a friendly basis, do you mean?" asked Miss Gale, mercilessly.

"Certainly. Friendly, of course—and perhaps more than that."

Miss Gale looked up at him with a certain hopelessness of expression.

"Why not write a note inviting your future partner to call upon you here, or anywhere else that would be convenient, and then discuss the matter?"

Denham looked frightened.

"I thought of that, but it wouldn't do. No; it wouldn't do. I would much rather settle everything by correspondence."

"I am afraid I shall not be able to compose a letter that will suit you.

"IF YOU WISH IT SO."

There seem to be so many difficulties. It is very unusual."

"That is true, and that is why I knew no one but you could help me, Miss Gale. If it pleases you, it will please me."

Miss Gale shook her head, but, after a few moments, she said, "How will this do?"

"DEAR SIR"——

"Wait a moment," cried Mr. Denham; "that seems rather a formal opening, doesn't it? How would it read if you put it 'Dear Friend'?"

"If you wish it so." She crossed out the "Sir," and substituted the word suggested. Then she read the letter:

"DEAR FRIEND: I have for some time past been desirous of taking a partner, and would be glad if you would consider the question and consent to join me in this business. The business is, and has been for several years, very prosperous, and, as I shall require no capital from you, I think you will find my offer a very advantageous one. I will——"

"I—I don't think I would put it quite that way," said Denham, with some hesitation. "It reads as if I were offering everything, and that my partner—well, you see what I mean."

"It's the truth," said Miss Gale, defiantly.

"Better put it on the friendly basis, as you suggested a moment ago."

"I didn't suggest anything, Mr. Denham. Perhaps it would be better if you would dictate the letter exactly as you want it. I knew I could not write one that would please you."

"It does please me, but I'm thinking of my future partner. You are doing first-rate—better than I could do. But just put it on the friendly basis."

A moment later she read:

". . . join me in this business. I make you this offer entirely from a friendly, and not from a financial, standpoint, hoping that you like me well enough to be associated with me."

"Anything else, Mr. Denham?"

"No. I think that covers the whole ground. It will look rather short, typewritten, won't it? Perhaps you might add something to show that I shall be exceedingly disappointed if my offer is not accepted."

"No fear," said Miss Gale. "I'll

add that though. 'Yours truly,' or 'Yours very truly'?"

"You might end it 'Your friend.'"

The rapid click of the typewriter was heard for a few moments in the next room, and then Miss Gale came out with the completed letter in her hand.

"Shall I have the boy copy it?" she asked.

"Oh, bless you, no!" answered Mr. Denham, with evident trepidation.

The young woman said to herself, "He doesn't want Mr. Rogers to know, and no wonder. It is a most unbusiness-like proposal."

Then she said aloud, "Shall you want me again to-day?"

"No, Miss Gale; and thank you very much."

Next morning Miss Gale came in to Mr. Denham's office with a smile on her face.

"You made a funny mistake last night, Mr. Denham," she said, as she took off her wraps.

"Did I?" he asked, in alarm.

"Yes. You sent that letter to my address. I got it this morning. I opened it, for I thought it was for me, and that perhaps you did not need me to-day. But I saw at once that you put it in the wrong envelope. Did you want me to-day?"

It was on his tongue to say, "I want you every day," but he merely held out his hand for the letter, and looked at it as if he could not account for its having gone astray.

The next day Miss Gale came late, and she looked frightened. It was evident that Denham was losing his mind. She put the letter down before him and said:

"You addressed that to me the second time, Mr. Denham."

There was a look of haggard anxiety about Denham that gave color to her suspicions. He felt that it was now or never.

"Then why don't you answer it, Miss Gale?" he said gruffly.

She backed away from him.

"Answer it?" she repeated faintly.

"Certainly. If I got a letter twice, I would answer it."

"What do you mean?" she cried, with her hand on the door-knob.

"Exactly what the letter says. I want you for my partner. I want to marry you, and—financial considerations——"

"Oh!" cried Miss Gale, in a long-drawn, quivering sigh. She was doubtless shocked at the word he had used, and fled to her typewriting room, closing the door behind her.

Richard Denham paced up and down the floor for a few moments, then rapped lightly at her door, but there was no response. He put on his hat and went out into the street. After a long and aimless walk, he found himself again at his place of business. When he went in, Rogers said to him:

"Miss Gale has left, sir."

"Has she?"

"Yes, and she has given notice. Says she is not coming back, sir."

"Very well."

He went into his own room and found a letter marked "Personal" on his desk. He tore it open, and read in neatly typewritten characters:

"I have resigned my place as typewriter girl, having been offered a better situation. I am offered a partnership in the house of Richard Denham. I have decided to accept the position, not so much on account of its financial attractions, as because I shall be glad, on a friendly basis, to be associated with the gentleman I have named. Why did you put me to all that worry writing that idiotic letter, when a few words would have saved ever so much bother? You evidently *need* a partner. My mother will be pleased to meet you any time you call. You have the address.

"Your friend,

"MARGARET GALE."

"Rogers!" shouted Denham, joyfully.

"Yes, sir," answered that estimable man, putting his head into the room.

"Advertise for another typewriter girl, Rogers."

"Yes, sir," said Rogers.

CHRISTIANITY—TRUE AND FALSE.

By Dr. Frederic W. Farrar, Archdeacon of Westminster.

"There is but one throne of God, of God in Christ, upon earth, the throne in the unseen heart of man."
—Dean Milman.

WE know how many have argued, and have, unhappily, argued with serious and passionate conviction, "that religion has been a curse to the human race;" "that Christianity has inflicted upon mankind more harm than good."

Now, to us who believe and know that religion is the one saving, ennobling, inspiring, uplifting element in life; that without religion mankind would not only be as the beasts which perish, but would be more guilty and more miserable than they; that it is religion alone which enables us bravely to face the duties of life, and cheerfully to bear its trials,—does it not become transparently clear that no human being could maintain that "religion has been a curse to the human race," if he used the word religion in the same sense as ourselves? And to us who know that Christianity has conferred upon mankind boons which utterly outweigh every other boon which man has received from his Creator, is it not obvious that the thesis "Christianity has inflicted on mankind more harm than good" can only be redeemed from utter senselessness when we become aware that those who have argued in its favor use the word "Christianity" to mean something absolutely different from that which *we* mean by it?

Let us take an instance of each misconception:

Every one knows the famous old line of Lucretius:

"Tantum relligio potuit suadere malorum!"

"So great a mass of evil could *religion* induce men to commit!" What made the grand old Epicurean poet burst into this exclamation? He has been speaking of the frightful superstition which led the leaders of the Greeks foully to defile the altar of Artemis with the blood of Iphianassa. He had been describing the trembling maiden on her knees, striking her sad parent with the mute and vain appeal of her glance, before she was uplifted for horrible immolation. It is the thought of this dread human sacrifice which makes him cry out against the calamities which "religion"—by which he meant the sanguinary cult of a ruthless superstition—could cause. This is what makes him speak of "life, crushed under deadly religion, which displayed her head from the realms of heaven, pressing upon mortals with horribly menacing aspect." He believed that it was the glory of Epicurus to have flung such "religion" beneath the foot of men, and given them the victory over it.

To Lucretius "religion" meant, therefore, the whole system of priestcraft, of cruel superstition, of dark belief in non-existent forms of the divine. How could the deep-thinking old Greek philosophers, how could a man like Plato, how could a student like Lucretius, accept as otherwise than baneful the system imposed on them by the gross mythology of wandering rhapsodists; or by priests whose often-detected impostures barely even deceived the multitude; or by augurs of whom Cato

said that it was astonishing that they could meet without laughing in each other's faces? How could such men believe in the reality of deities who were represented by their own worshippers as monsters of lust and blood, any more than they could believe in the inherent sanctity of idols made of gold and jewels, or of wood and stone? To sincere thinkers there were no such gods, or if there were any dim and distant *analogon* of them, they "lay beside them nectar" entirely "careless of mankind." Who can utter one word of blame against the old poet, if, contemplating the worsnip of gods who were blood-stained, of gods who were lewd, of gods who could be openly defrauded, he exclaimed:

"Tantum relligio potuit suadere malorum"?

The heart of man is much the same in all countries; and if, as we shall see, these evil elements have found their parallel even in Christian lands, and in the Christian centuries, it will be all the more necessary for us to point out the difference between true religion and that false semblance, that evil spirit disguised as an angel of light, which has so often usurped its name.

And just as Lucretius was right in exclaiming that a thing which *called itself* "religion" had been the prolific mother of many a deadly curse, so many modern students have been right in maintaining that something which *called itself* Christianity—something which priests would fain have passed off for Christianity; something which theologians have *taught* as Christianity, but which was not Christianity at all, and was, in point of fact, alien from its most essential attributes—had done incredible harm to mankind.

In what respect is the cause of "pure religion and undefiled" injured or weakened by our free admission that the *names* of religion and of Christianity have been grossly abused to the perpetration of innumerable wrongs? "O Freedom!" exclaimed Madame Roland, "what crimes are committed in thy name!" Was her cry a condemnation of freedom? Does the cause of virtue suffer from the fact that the worst ends of vice and falsity are often promoted by men who call themselves the servants of virtue, and wear the cloak of profession "doubly lined with the fox-fur of hypocrisy"? Is the majesty of duty impaired when men use her name as a covering of maliciousness, and obtrude her commandments as an excuse for gratifying their own vindictive rage? No! Religion, Christianity, Freedom, Virtue, Duty—they are eternal entities. Men may deface their true semblance; they might as well throw dust at heaven, in hope of staining it, as endeavor to obliterate the shining ideal of these great guardian angels of mankind.

I have taken Lucretius as the example of one who, using the word "religion" in a partial sense, regarded it as a curse. I will take Voltaire as the example of a man who, having been misled by erring Christians to form an utterly false conception of Christianity; who, mistaking Christianity for a tyrannous, violent, and outward system, which reeked with hypocrisy and error, hated it from the bottom of his soul. Many a sweet and simple nature has shuddered to read how Voltaire used to say "*Ecrasez l'Infâme*," "Crush the Infamous!" Many have been led to believe—*horresco referens*—that by "*the Infamous*" Voltaire intended our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is, I think, certain that Voltaire had no such meaning. In the story of a remarkable vision, which it is said that he himself related, it is evident that his soul, flippant as it often was, had been deeply overawed by the majesty of Christ. By "*l'Infâme*" Voltaire did not mean Christ, but did mean the political and sacerdotal system—the travesty of true Catholicism—such as he saw it all around him, and such as he knew to be stained through and through with crimes against humanity of the deepest dye.

But to digress for a moment, let us, to whom Christ is the Redeemer of our race, the Lord of our lives, freely admit that it is possible so to distort, to malign, to travesty Him, as to make

men justly hate—not *Him*, for none could ever hate Him who knew Him as He was and is, but the being whom lies have decked out with His attributes. We know how to St. Martin of Tours, and to many others, the Evil One is said to have appeared in the aspect and attributes of the Lord Jesus. All men, and saints most of all, have a right to detest this horror of darkness. When we read in the suppressed parts of the Talmud the names of execration which the wretched, plundered, tortured, exiled, murdered Jews apply to Him; how they call Him "Absalom," and "The Hung," and "*That Man*," and devise for Him the most degrading torments, let us remember that it was *not* the true Christ whom they hated and cursed, but the false Christ as He was forced upon their horrified imaginations by the inconceivably execrable atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition. The Christ whom mediæval Jews used to curse, in such books as the "Toldoth Jeshu," was not the Christ of the Gospels at all, but the Christ of a persecuting Church, the Christ of Arnold of Citeaux, of Borgia, of Alva, of Torquemada, and of many offenders against the indefeasible rights and dignities of man.

Robert Browning, who, with his vast knowledge and deep insight into human nature, has illustrated so many truths, has more than once illustrated this. Take, for instance, the poem of "The Confessional." A priest in the confessional, acting on the pure intensity of a woman's human love, telling her that she can help to save the soul of her lover, has used his skill upon her simplicity to worm out of her the secret that this lover, Bertram, is the member of some revolutionary society. The boy has told her all, from love to her. Next morning he is executed.

The crime of these priests has been that crime which is denounced in some of the most primitive of the Mosaic decalogues. They have "destroyed her by means of her best affections"—it is "a seething of the kid in its mother's milk." And when her lover is hanged, and she has gone mad with her anguish, and with the shattering into dust of all which she had once sincerely believed, and when she has herself been tortured on the rack, and is lying with her wrenched body in the dungeon of the Inquisition, she exclaims:

> "It is a lie—their Priests, their Hope,
> Their Saints, their . . . all they fear or hope
> Are lies, and lies—there! through my door
> And ceiling there! and walls and floor
> There—'lies, they lie'—shall still be hurled
> Till, spite of them, I reach the world."

We do not condemn the poor girl for blasphemy; on the contrary, we agree with her that to those who teach that God approves of such treachery and ruthlessness, the only possible answer is,

> "Lies—lies again—and still, they lie!"

Again, in his remarkable poem of "Holy Cross Day," Browning describes the Jews driven yearly out of their Ghetto at Rome to hear a sermon preached by one of the debauched and worldly prelates, such as were no unfamiliar spectacle at Rome—by the testimony of her own writing—in the sixteenth and other centuries. After abundance of scorn and *persiflage* the miserable Jew, conscious that the Very Christ is not the Being who has been presented for his adoration by the depraved representatives of religion in a corrupted age, breaks out into the solemn words:

> "Thou! if Thou wast He who at midnight came,
> By the starlight naming a dubious name!
> And if, too heavy with sleep—too rash
> With fear—O Thou, if that martyr-gash
> Fell on Thee coming to take Thine own,
> And we gave the Cross, when we owed the Throne:
> Thou art the Judge. We are bruised thus.
> But, the judgment over, join sides with us!
> Thine, too, is the cause! and not more Thine
> Than ours, is the work of these dogs and swine,
> Whose life laughs through, and spits at their creed,
> Who maintain Thee in word, and defy Thee in deed!"

But to return to Voltaire from these illustrative digressions, we ask, if Voltaire hated Christianity, what made him hate it? He did not hate anything which resembled *true* Chris-

tianity. He hated the sacerdotal tyranny of the eighteenth century, which had no real effect on the lives of multitudes of those who professed to be its votaries. They showed themselves devoid of the most elementary graces of the Christian life. They trampled on the most primeval rights of humanity. There was nothing to respect, nothing to love, in the false religion which brought forth evil fruits, even though it declared itself to be Christianity, and the only Christianity.

Let us glance at the three great public movements in which Voltaire took prominent part—the case of Calas, the case of La Barre, the case of the Sirvens.

Calas was a Protestant bookseller of Toulouse, aged sixty-eight, who had three sons. One of them became a Romanist, a second hung himself in his father's house. The Roman Catholics declared that Calas and his third son, Pierre, had themselves hung the youth, lest he should become a convert to Romanism. Evidence there was none, but Pierre was exiled, the daughters were forcibly taken from their mother, and Calas was broken on the wheel, where he died proclaiming his innocence with his last breath. Voltaire devoted three years — during which he wrote to Condorcet that if he once smiled he reproached himself for a crime—to redress this wrong. He succeeded in rousing public opinion so thoroughly that the judgment was reversed, and the ruin of the family publicly compensated.

Sirven was the name of a young Protestant servant who, having been taken from her parents and shut up in a convent against her will, made her escape, and flung herself into a well. Her father was accused of the crime. Condemned for contumacy, he fled to Voltaire, who nobly gave him refuge at Ferney. His wife died of fatigue and anguish during his escape. Voltaire, by his eloquence and influence, procured his acquittal.

La Barre, a youth of Abbeville, was accused with D'Etallonde and another of irreverence, and as "vehemently suspected" of having broken a public crucifix. He was condemned to be tortured, beheaded, and burned. D'Etallonde was condemned to have his tongue cut out, his hand struck off, and to be burned alive. La Barre was executed; the other boy fled to Voltaire, who sent him to the protection of the King of Prussia. Voltaire aroused the horror and indignation of France against the cruelties inflicted on La Barre, but never succeeded in securing pardon for D'Etallonde.

Is it not perfectly terrible to think that Voltaire, this scoffer, this unbeliever, this scornful satirist, some of whose writings are so debasing and impure, was yet in these instances absolutely right in the line he took, while the prelates and priests and the representatives of the Church generally were so absolutely in the wrong that we cannot think of their conduct without something of horror and indignation? Let us remember then that Voltaire had not been so trained as to distinguish between the reality of Christianity and that mean counterfeit which was presented to him in its name. "The Christianity which he assailed," says Mr. Morley, "was as little touched as Voltairism itself with that spirit of holiness which poured itself round the lives and the words of the two founders, the great Master and the great Apostle. . . . He saw only a besotted people, led in chains by a crafty priesthood. . . . Men spoke to him of the mild beams of Christian charity, and where they pointed he saw only the yellow glare of the stake. They talked of the gentle solace of Christian faith, and he heard only the shrieks of the thousands and tens of thousands whom faithful Christian persecutors had racked, strangled, gibbeted, burnt, broken on the wheel."

But before I proceed to point out what religion is, what Christianity is, let me answer the question "*Quorsum hæc?*"—"What is the tendency of these remarks?"—which some readers may feel inclined to put to me. Paganism, they will say, and mediæval Romanism are dead, why revive the memory of their crimes?

The reply is manifold.

In the first place, even paganism is

by no means dead. The false gods of Hellas may have vanished; but even in nominal forms of Christianity the spirit of fraud and cruelty may still conceal itself. Is there no essential Moloch-worship, no desire to destroy and injure, in the *odium theologicum?* does it not breathe through whole pages of its current controversies? and do we not find traces of it, again and again, in the deadly disputes which have agitated Christianism from the days when the Montanists and the Donatists were so savagely repressed, to the days when Smithfield and Oxford were lighted with the fires of death, and mobs were roused to assault Wesley and Whitefield? And as for Belial—

> "to him no temple stood
> Or altar smoked; yet who more oft than he
> In temples, and at altars, when the priest
> Turns atheist, as did Eli's sons, who filled
> With hurt and violence the house of God?"

If the pagan thought to defraud his deities, does not the Breton peasant to this day try to cheat his local saint? and was it not the custom for centuries for the Spanish peasants to buy up the old robes of the Carmelites and Carthusians, that they might be buried in them, and so cheat St. Peter at the wicket-gate into the notion that they were monks? And did not the Reformation in England—to come down no later—expose hundreds of frauds of the popular religion? And has the blood of St. Journadin ceased to be miraculously liquefied? or the Pentecostal fire to descend in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre? or—but it is needless to go on.

It has often been asserted that the spirit of religious ruthlessness is dead. I wholly disbelieve it. Men still carry their passions with them into what they call, and take to be, their religion. Rome, infallible Rome—Rome under the tyranny of her Jesuits—has, so far as I know, never frankly repudiated the guilt of religious persecution. If she still holds that the burning or torturing of men for their religious opinions be right, then every advance she makes is a menace to freedom and conscience, and to all which men hold to be most dear. If she *has* changed her mind; if she now holds that every man is responsible to God alone for his religious opinions, and that they ought (as such) to be free as air—then what harm would there be in setting herself right on this point before the civilized world? The opinion of the early fathers was unanimous that it was irreligious to coerce religious convictions, and that "violence is hateful to God." Why not publicly admit that the early fathers were right, and that the Rome of the Inquisition was wrong? Protestants have long done so. Calvin burnt Servetus; and ever since Protestants have blushed for that dark deed, and proclaimed that they condemn it; as, indeed, was proclaimed by not a few of Calvin's own contemporaries. Cartwright, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, openly defended religious persecution, and said, "If this be thought cruel, I am content *to be so with the Holy Ghost.*" (!) But Protestants have long ago declared their abhorrence of such a sentiment, and have shivered to atoms the false views of Biblical interpretation on which it rested. Will the Church of Rome but condescend to do the same?

> "Say now—will the doer, at this last of all,
> Dare to say, 'I did wrong,' rising in his fall?"

What is religion?

(i.) It has been made identical with the membership of this and that organization which has arrogated to itself, often in the teeth of all evidence, the exclusive title of "the Church." Religion is *not* church membership. The meek, the just, the pious, the devout, as William Penn said, are all the children of the kingdom of heaven, and they shall meet and recognize each other when their various marks and liveries are taken off. This is the doctrine alike of St. Peter, of St. Paul, and of St. John. For St. Peter says, "Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him."

And St. Paul says:

"God hath made of one all nations of men, . . . that they should seek

the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us."

And St. John says:

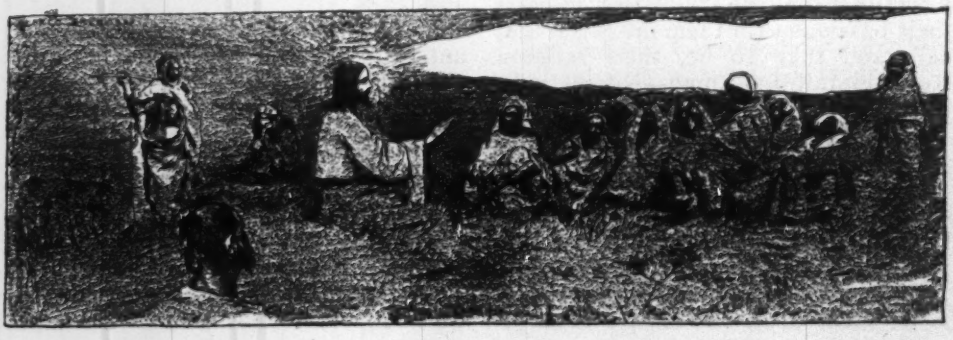
"He that doeth righteousness is righteous," and, "He that doeth righteousness is born of God."

(ii.) And religion has been identified with the intellectual acceptance or profession of a set of dogmas. But it is not this; for the doctrines of Christianity, as laid down by Christ, were few, broad, and in their main facts utterly simple, so that, as Isaiah says, a child, or a wayfaring man, or a fool, need not err therein. All the elaborations of metaphysical definition, exorbitant inferences, and curiously-articulated creeds which have been based on the simplicity which is in Christ Jesus, may have been safeguards against subtle heresies, but, as intellectual opinions merely, have in them no power of salvation.

(iii.) And religion has been identified with rites, forms, ceremonies, feasts, fasts, new moons, sacraments, sacrifices, and so forth. But religion is not dependent on outward observances. On the contrary, prophets and apostles alike show the utter fatuity of supposing that these things can take the place of righteousness and true godliness; and the utter nullity and invalidity of every form of outward observance *in itself*. They echo in page after page the sentiment of Hosea, of which Christ bade the Pharisee go and learn the meaning: "I will have mercy and not sacrifice."

"Religion" means, as the great thinker Benjamin Whichcot said, "a good mind and a good life." *This*, in essence, is its true and only meaning. How, then, can it be, or ever have been, otherwise than one infinite blessing to mankind?

And "Christianity" means that belief in Christ, and that following of the example of Christ, which renders a good mind and a good life possible to every child of man. It means that faith in Christ, and in the broad, simple teaching of Christ—unencumbered by the mountain-masses of falsification and corruption which were accumulated around it after the first century—which enables every child of man to obtain forgiveness of past sins and strength for future service. The acceptance of the Gospel has nothing necessarily to do with the shibboleths, the ceremonies, or the constitution of this or that church or sect; it means sincere love of God, and self-sacrificing service to man. Any amount of nominal religion which is not accompanied by love, meekness, truth, purity, contentment, is no better than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. To belong to the strictest sect of the purest religion—to be as orthodox as Thomas Aquinas—to be as devoted to forms and ceremonies as Durandus—to macerate one's self, like St. Peter Damiani or Henry Suso—and yet not to be holy, humble, and loving, is as useless as to rely on the clacking of the Tartar's prayer-mill. "The kingdom of heaven is within you." To true religion, to genuine Christianity, no human being ever was, or ever can be, an enemy; for they only express the true relation of man to God, and the beauty of holiness, the godlike elevation of spirit, the pure consistency of character, the love and self-sacrifice which spring from that relation.



ELLEN TERRY.

By Ethel Mackenzie McKenna.

Illustrated from photographs taken at Miss Terry's house in Winchelsea.

NATURE has endowed Miss Ellen Terry with a rare, a magnetic sympathy; and therein, more than in any other one quality, perhaps, lies her charm as a woman and as an actress. Others may equal, may even surpass, her in force and vigor; but they miss her fine, captivating tenderness, because they lack her rare disposition to lose herself in others, whether these others be the fictitious people of the stage, or the actual people, her friends and acquaintance in every-day life. Every part she plays, she imbues with her own irresistible personality; her own grace of self-renunciation pervades it, runs through and through it; its course, its fate, its joys, its sorrows, become for the moment her own. Thus her renderings satisfy before all else the spectator's heart; but they satisfy his mind as well. He finds them true, no less than pleasing.

Miss Terry has, moreover, that infinite capacity for detail, which has been said to be the chief characteristic of genius. The details of her friends' lives, their smallest troubles, their seemingly trivial joys, are remembered from one meeting to another, however long the interval, and are inquired about with tender interest. I have seen her, at a first-night reception, move from among the worshipping crowd to say a word of welcome to a shy acquaintance, or to ask for news of some backward friend. She has a great gift for remembering faces, and the gift does not stop at faces, for she also grasps the individuality of those to whom they belong.

To see Ellen Terry at her most delightful, she must be seen at home, either at her house in Barkston Gardens, or, better still, in her cottage at Winchelsea. For Miss Terry is quite unspoiled by success, and remains a great lover of her home and an admirable *hausfrau*, with an eye for every variety of domestic, as for all other, details. Barkston Gardens is situated in Earl's Court, quite three quarters of an hour's drive from her nightly work; but Miss Terry is by no means a strong woman, and finds that the air of the locality agrees with her particularly well. The house is a new one, some eight years old, built of red brick, with a suggestion of the style of good Queen Anne. The front is always bright with flowers, for flowers are one of the chief joys of the great actress's life, and she can never have too many of them. Incidentally I may mention that one of her favorites is the humble sweetbrier, growing so luxuriantly in cottage gardens and country lanes, the blossom which Fair Rosamund gives the king, crying, "Shame on those who gave it a dog's name."

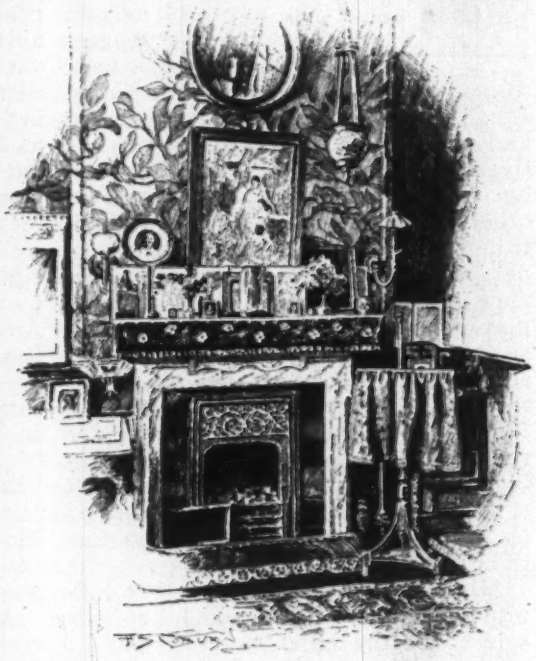
Miss Terry's drawing-room is a large cool room, looking upon the gardens in front, and a big Chesterfield sofa across one of the windows is her favorite corner. There is always a great basket of work at hand, full of "charity garments." She does not like to see her visitors and friends idle; and often, as she sits busily stitching, she might pass for the central figure of a work club, surrounded as she is by a group of women and girls, all sewing with more or less energy and enthusiasm. Miss Terry possesses a special attraction for women, and she has a circle of friends who regard it as their special happiness to be allowed to serve her. Mr. Gordon Craig, known in the family

Note.—A series of interesting portraits of Miss Terry will be found in the department of "Human Documents," page 440.

circle as "Teddie," was the only masculine element in a houseful of women; and since his marriage, a few months ago, he too has been absent. Miss Terry was very sad at losing her son, in spite of her affection for his wife, for her children are very dear to her, and she has a great dread of the day that may take her daughter from her.

One of the most important figures in the household at Barkston Gardens is Mrs. Rumball, who for more than twenty years has been Miss Terry's devoted companion. The old lady is the widow of a doctor. Miss Terry found her overborne with her trouble, and begged her companionship. Since then they have hardly ever been parted; and while Miss Terry has a more than filial care and love for her old friend, no mother could be more devoted to, more absorbed in, a daughter than is Mrs. Rumball in "Nellie." And in addition to Mrs. Rumball, who is one of the family, there are nearly always two or three friends, women with whom Miss Terry has come in contact, and, finding them poor or unhappy or in difficulties, has invited to share her home until the clouds begin to clear. Her daughter and constant companion Edie, who has a wonderful gift for music, which is a great pleasure to her mother, though Edie is too reserved to allow outsiders to often benefit by it, completes the family circle. Miss Terry has a number of pets, chief among which are "Punch," a bright little fox terrier; "Prince," a bullfinch, and extremely clever whistler; and a little cat named "Minnie." "Fussy," an old favorite fox terrier belonging to Mr. Irving, was once Miss Terry's dog, but Barkston Gardens and its multitude of cats now know him no more.

To complete the picture, let us look at Miss Terry's inanimate surroundings. The drawing-room, an apartment with severely striped walls and handsome frieze, is full of curios as well as flowers, interesting mementos of celebrities past and present. A striking portrait of Mr. Irving, the work of Bastien Lepage, hangs opposite to Miss Terry's own particular seat. Countless are the trifles of interest, among them a Bible that belonged to Mrs. Siddons; a letter in the handwriting of that great actress; a pair of shoe-buckles which are said to have been worn by a cavalier when in hiding with Charles II. in the historical oak tree; "properties" used by many a famous actor, and a cup that belonged to Sir Walter Scott. Another treasure valued by Miss Terry is a toilet cover,



IN THE STUDY.

whereon is inscribed in "grease paint" a pretty little message of affectionate thanks from Sarah Bernhardt. She found it in her dressing-room, when she returned there after having lent it for the afternoon to Madame Bernhardt, who was playing in some charity performance at the Lyceum.

Miss Terry is not one of those actresses who can find nothing to admire in the other great ones of her profession. She is above the petty jealousies that so often mark actresses. She is enthusiastic over Madame Bernhardt, carried away by the greatness of Madame Eleonora Duse, and warmly interested

THE DINING-ROOM.

in the success of any brother or sister in art. I never have seen her more genuinely delighted than at one first night at the Lyceum, when the success of the evening had been made by Mr. Irving, her own laurels even being scantier. In all her moments of personal triumph she was never so elated.

All the rooms in which Miss Terry lives are interesting, but by far the most interesting is the little study in which she works. A long low ottoman covered with cushions fills one corner, and it is here that the actress generally takes her daily rest. About four o'clock every afternoon she sleeps for an hour or two, to fit her for the hard work before her in the evening. There is, also, always some one at hand to read to her, for she finds that being read to soothes her more than any other inducement to sleep. A bookcase lines one side of the room. The books are chiefly those useful in her work. Shakespeare is well represented, and there are many books on costume; for though Miss Terry usually puts this all-important matter into the hands of her old friend Mrs. Comyns Carr, she assists with many suggestions. No detail in the accessories of the part she creates escapes her interest, and she has strong theories on the subject of wherewithal she shall be clothed. The character should find expression in the costume, according to Miss Terry, and she bestows endless thought upon the introduction of apparent trifles, notes in harmony with the individuality of the woman she portrays. She was unconventional enough to wish to play Ophelia in the mad scene in clinging robes of black instead of in white; but the canons of stage law would not permit it.

Chance ideas that occur to her on the subject of costume are noted in the book she is studying. Her copy of Charles I. is one of my most treasured possessions, full of notes as it is on the character and dress of Queen Henrietta Maria. The marginal directions for change of voice and manner, for movements or actions, give an indication of her performance, or, at any rate, stimulate memory, though it is almost impossible to forget an item in her

rendering of the passionate, wayward, fiery, but intensely lovable Frenchwoman. And yet, curiously enough, one of the notes in her copy, evidently scrawled in a moment of dissatisfaction, says, "Don't think I can play her at all well. Not quite in my line."

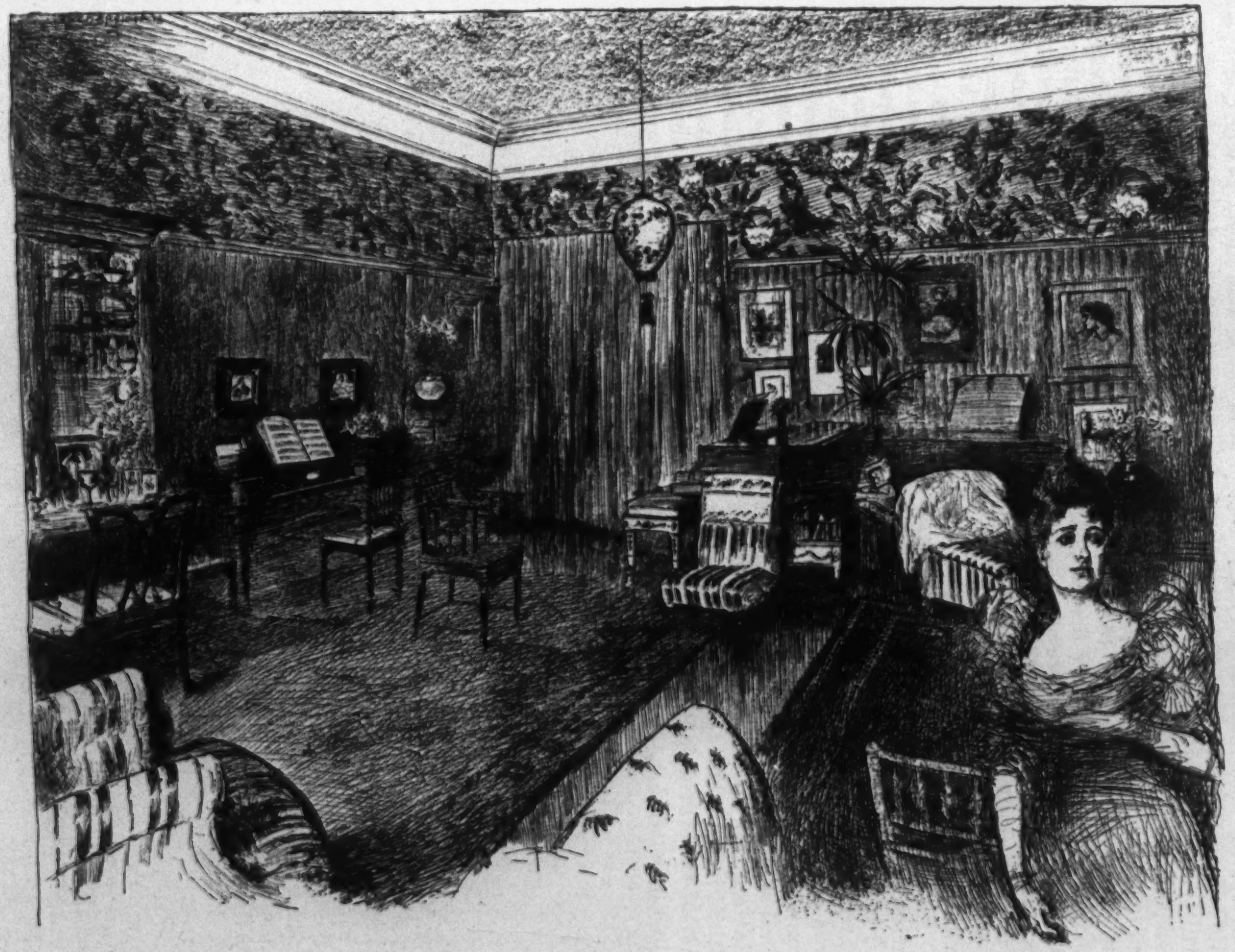
Henrietta Maria is not one of Miss Terry's favorite parts. She has no hesitation in selecting them from her *repertoire*. They are Beatrice and Ophelia, so different in character that it is difficult to see why they are linked together in her affections. Rosamund in "Becket" she does not care for. It is an ineffective part, a fact that the true actress grasped at once, and it is a proof of her consummate art that she succeeds in doing so much with it.

Miss Terry is fond of collecting odds and ends connected with her profession —old prints, play bills, and properties; the walls of her dressing-room at the Lyceum are hung with several rare specimens. It is a large, comfortable, airy room, this theatre sanctum of the actress, with plenty of easy chairs and an ottoman which invites its owner to rest a while when she has a long wait. I have spent many a pleasant evening there, going down to the wings when Miss Terry went on the stage, and watching her from the side. One realizes then the amount of nervous exhaustion that many a part entails. I have seen her come off the stage sobbing as if her heart would break, and unable for several moments to regain self-control. She generally has her daughter or a friend behind the scenes with her, for often when a wait occurs she likes to chat.

Miss Terry has wonderful courage, indomitable will. She is a delicate woman, and often she is really not well enough to play. But she hates to give in, and cannot bear to be beaten by pain or ill health. Once—I shall never forget it—I went round to see her between the acts of "Much Ado about Nothing." She was in great pain. "I've eaten nothing for days," she said; "the slightest morsel I eat gives me terrible agony; milk is the only thing I can touch." Murmurs of "You ought to be in bed," came from Lizzie, her devoted maid, as she busily assisted Beatrice to change her dress. But there was no yielding for her, and a few minutes afterwards I saw her on the stage, brimming over with vitality, unable to suppress the intense life and spirits which glow in that most fascinating of characters. "Can this woman ever be ill or depressed?" the audience would have asked.

Miss Terry has been on the stage almost since she can remember. Her father and mother were in the profession, and she was born when they were touring in the provinces. Coventry is her birthplace, but her admirers can mark the spot by no commemorative stone, for her parents retained no recollection of its situation. Meanwhile the townspeople are in rivalry over the honor of dwelling beneath the roof that first sheltered Ellen Terry, and visitors to Coventry are bewildered by more than one notice informing the curious that "*This* is the house" where she was born. She made her first appearance at the old Princess Theatre in London, under the management of the Keans, when she was seven years old, playing Mamillius in "The Winter's Tale." Her elder sister Kate, now Mrs. Arthur Lewis, was already quite an experienced actress, having made her debut at the age of three and a half. The sisters played together in several productions, notably in the "Midsummer Night's Dream" at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, when the elder was Titania and the younger Puck. While still children they went on a tour under the management of their father, Mr. Benjamin Terry. On their youthful shoulders rested the whole weight of the entertainment; they were the only artists in the company. Their *repertoire* consisted of a little sketch entitled "Poor Relations," especially written for them by Mr. Morton, and another short play of the same character.

For some years after, the sisters played together only rarely; but on the occasion of Miss Kate Terry's farewell to the stage, a short time before her marriage, Miss Ellen Terry took a small part, and stood at her sister's side when she was well-nigh overwhelmed by the enthusiasm of the public from



THE DRAWING-ROOM.

whom she was parting. The younger sister soon came brilliantly to the fore, and it is worth recording that she and Mr. Irving were both engaged at the old Queen's Theatre many years before Mr. Irving had any hope of gaining the position he now holds. It was in 1878, immediately on Mr. Irving's entering upon the management of the Lyceum, that Miss Terry made her first appearance at this theatre, where she has now become an institution, adding to her fame by every fresh creation, and dividing the enthusiasm of the audiences with her great *confrère*.

Although absorbed in her profession, Miss Terry is, curiously enough, never so happy as when she is at her little cottage home at Winchelsea. Situated in a country village in Sussex, and surrounded by a wide stretch of marshy land which reaches to the sea on one side and far up into the country on the other, it is difficult to remember, in that out-of-the-world spot, that there exists such a thing as a theatre. Tower Cottage, as this country home is named, formerly belonged to Mr. and Mrs. Comyns Carr, and it was when visiting these old friends that Miss Terry first saw and fell in love with it. She is an ardent lover of rural life, and has hardly ever been without her cottage in the country, whither she could fly for a breath of fresh air. The first was at Hampton Court, while another charming and quainter home was at Uxbridge. Actually it was an inn, but Miss Terry overcame all the difficulties in the way of her possessing it; hired an old woman to sell the beer, and established herself in the comfortable, old-fashioned rooms at the Audrey Arms.

Uxbridge had its advantages, for it was within practicable distance of town; and when she was at all out of health Miss Terry would do a "quick change" at the fall of the Lyceum curtain, and, in company with a friend or her daughter, would fly off to Uxbridge, making a picnic supper in the train, and awaking to pure air, that best of tonics, after a quiet night's rest. It did her all the good in the world. But Winchelsea is too far off to admit of daily travelling to and fro, though she never loses a possible opportunity of spending a few days there.

And those who know Tower Cottage are not surprised. It is the most delightfully picturesque spot to be found, being built at the side of a curious old stone gate, a ruined pile which must have had its origin in feudal days. It is quite a simple cottage, with a flight of steps leading from the road to the pretty little porch, the latter covered with Virginia creeper, ivy, honeysuckle, and roses, from among which peep the latticed windows. The garden is as natural as its owner, and the flowers seem to grow because they love to. It is just the old-fashioned cottage garden that would delight a true lover of flowers. Carpet-bedding seems unknown, and sweet-smelling blossoms grow in rich profusion. Roses, lavender, mignonette, and lilies scent the air; great bushes of fuschia, clumps of brilliant-hued nasturtiums make bright notes of color; and every tree and plant seems to do its utmost to make the little garden still more beautiful. The stables are built into one of the turrets of the old gate, furnishing a charming home for "Tommy," the neat little cob Miss Terry drives in her dog-cart. Farther on, under the old apple trees, hammocks hang invitingly. Inside the cottage everything is in harmony with the exterior. There is no attempt at handsome decoration; it is all simple—rustic, even—and so comfortable, for Miss Terry knows the value of easy lounges and quantities of cushions.

Miss Terry is the least bit fond of the "craze" of the moment. Once she took to the banjo; then it was the tricycle. This last quite caught her fancy, and she went in for the exercise violently. Her latest amusement is photography, and occasionally she takes very creditable pictures, though adepts in the art complain that she is always in too great a hurry ever to be highly successful. She is immensely popular at Winchelsea, and it is not surprising; for she has a heart overflowing with good to all mankind, and finds it quite impossible to turn a deaf ear to a tale of suffering. Of course she is often

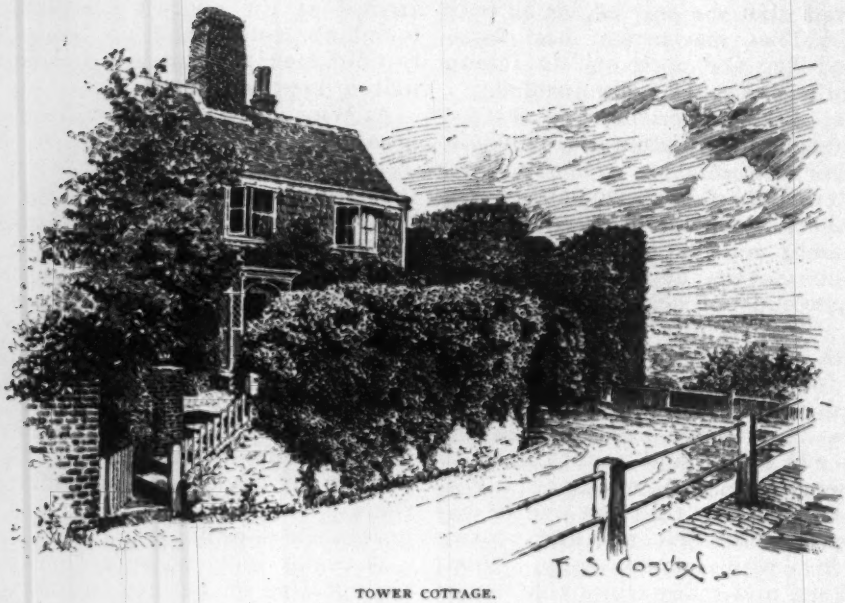
deceived; but she only begins all over again. That one person has disappointed her she accounts no reason why others should remain unaided.

One of her experiences recalls the adventure of Benjamin Goldfinch in "A Pair of Spectacles." She received a letter from a poor woman, saying that she was expecting an addition to her family and that she had no money and no clothes, and asking if Miss Terry would not help her in her distress. At once Miss Terry sent money, flannel, etc., to the address given; and then forgot the incident until she received another letter, saying that the increase of family had come in the form of twins, and that the poor mother was almost in despair. This time Miss Terry called in one of her numerous aides-de-camp, and providing her with money, soup, jellies, blankets, and many trifles that might prove useful, despatched her on her errand of mercy. When the lady arrived at the address specified, she found no mother and no babies, but two old men who made a business of writing begging letters.

At Winchelsea it is the village children who are the objects of Miss Terry's special favor. She often has them to tea, and makes them "say their pieces" to her, and she recites to them. They enjoy it all beyond measure, and regard a tea at Tower Cottage as the greatest of treats. Miss Terry is also the centre, apparently, of all the village charities and parish work. Dorcas meetings, mothers' meetings, all kinds of charitable business, find a helper in her, and the quiet of her life is constantly interrupted by visitors coming for advice on some matter of the kind, and there is scarcely a sick person she does not visit.

A pretty incident, very characteristic, occurred on her recent passage to Canada. Several nuns, Sisters of Mercy, were travelling in the steamer,

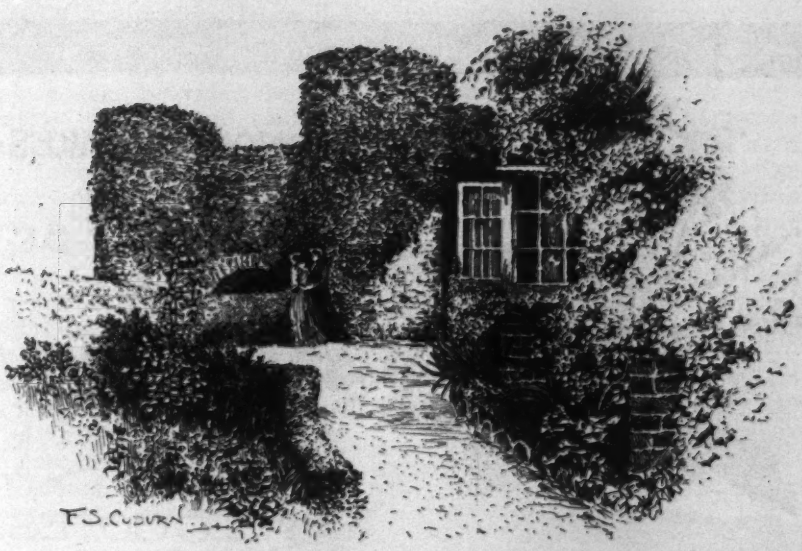
MISS TERRY AT TOWER COTTAGE.



TOWER COTTAGE.

and at first their fellow-passengers allowed the black-robed figures to sit apart and knit in solitude all day long. Then Miss Terry discovered them, and found she knew them all, having met them in some charitable work in connection with Nazareth House. She talked with them until they beamed with pleasure, and she used her influence to get them made more comfortable. They were so happy that they grew confidential, and one even confided to her that in days gone by she too had acted, in an amateur performance. Miss Terry put the final touch to their content by one day crying: "Oh, but you must see me as a nun!" and darting into her cabin, she brought out a large photograph of herself as Rosamund, in the dress of a novice, and writing a few words of affectionate remembrance on it, signed it and gave it to the Sisters.

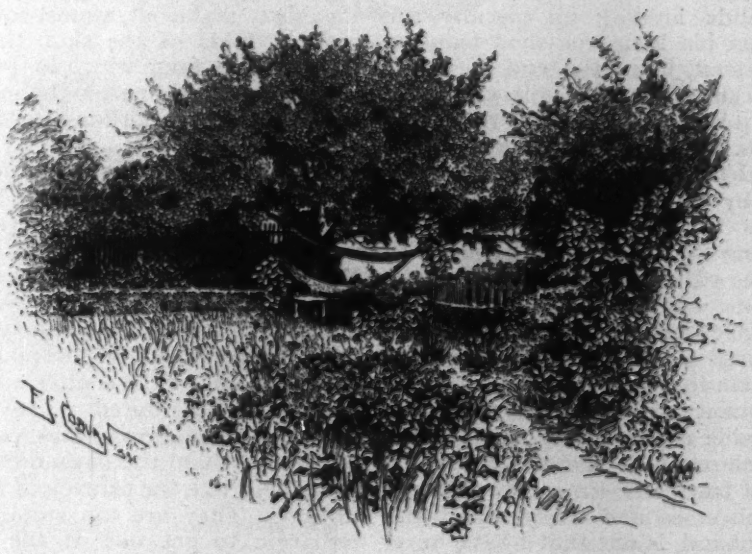
Miss Terry's life is always a quiet one, both at Barkston Gardens and at Winchelsea; though, of course, it is specially quiet and regular in the country, where it is undisturbed by rehearsals or gayeties. But even in town she rarely consents to be present at an evening reception, usually preferring to go straight home after the play. She is not abroad early in the morning; indeed, she does not often make her appearance much before midday. But she is not asleep during all the hours that she is invisible, and, passing her door, you may hear her giving orders to her servants or dictating her correspondence. She fully appreciates, however, that she requires a large amount of bodily rest, and her breakfast is taken, and her letters attended to, in bed. When she appears at Tower Cottage, she generally proposes a drive. She likes to drive her little pony cart into Rye—"red-roofed Rye," as it is called—the neighboring village, which much resembles, in the distance, the picturesque German town of Nuremburg. There she does her marketing, for she is an admirable housekeeper, and takes genuine pleasure in all the little trifles connected with this important business. Moreover, she has one faculty which is missing in many otherwise excellent housekeepers, the art of noticing and remembering the small likes and dislikes of her friends. If she has ever heard you express a fancy for any particular dish, she seems to make a mental note of it, and you will be sure to have it if you dine or stay with her. She is a born hostess, and has the knack of making all her guests happy, for she leaves them

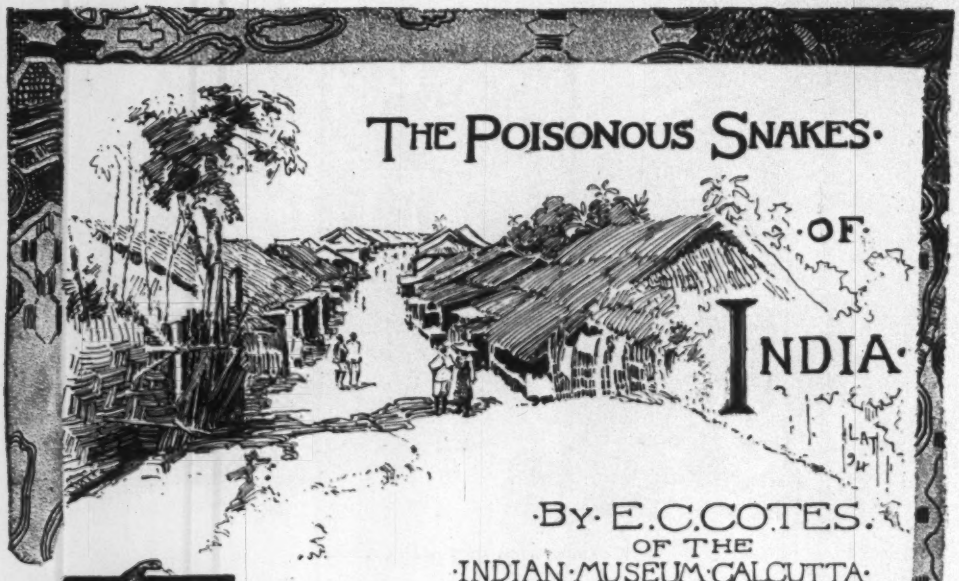


A GARDEN VIEW OF TOWER COTTAGE.

perfect liberty while bestowing every care upon their comfort.

Miss Terry reads and studies a good deal when staying at her Winchelsea home. She generally has some new part on hand at the time of her holiday, and a new part with her means an infinity of trouble, thought, and study. In the afternoon she idles in the garden, drives, walks, or visits her sick poor, always coming home for her rest, which is an absolutely indispensable feature of every day, both in town and country. Then comes tea, after which she is ready for another walk or a cozy chat before dinner. After dinner there is more talk; on hot nights a walk in the garden, or, perhaps, some music in the pretty little parlor. The hostess slips off to bed at an early hour. She will not break up the party, but you cannot but be aware she is gone.





THE POISONOUS SNAKES OF INDIA

BY E. C. COTES.
OF THE
INDIAN MUSEUM CALCUTTA

"HAZOOR, samp hai!"—"Your Honor, here is a snake!"—says a voice at my elbow on the veranda where I am sitting in Dehra Doon, under the shadow of the Himalayas, in Northern India. It is Wahid Khan, the usually silent cook, who has come in from the bazaar for his day's work, and now stands holding up proudly for inspection his long iron-shod bamboo walking-staff, upon the end of which balances uneasily the still wriggling body of a heavy snake about three feet in length. "Take care," I cry hastily, for the thick-set dusky body, the color broken by evil-looking white rings at intervals throughout the length, reminds me of the deadly karait, with which the valley of the Doon abounds, though the slaughter of many an innocent species has taught me that there is nothing more deceptive about a snake than its color.

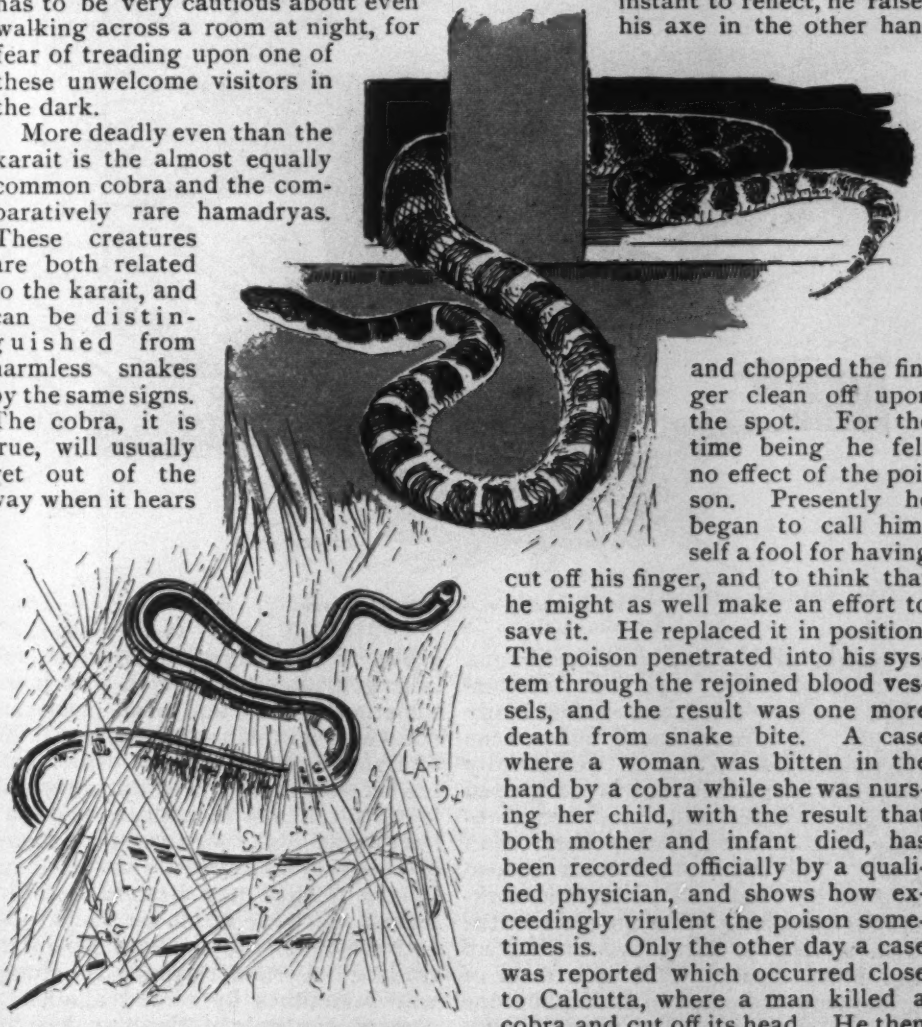
A moment later I have the creature's head inside a pair of forceps, for the art which enables the native snake-charmer fearlessly to catch even the most poisonous and lively snake with his bare hand, is one that I have never attempted to acquire. Sure enough, I find the oval head which characterizes the colubridæ, and a glance at the side makes it plain that the scale in front of the eye extends right down to the scale in which the nostril is situated. This indicates almost certainly that the species is poisonous. To satisfy myself completely I force open the wide mouth which still snaps at my fingers, and on either side, above, am able to make out, almost completely sunk in folds of the skin, the single vicious little fang which in poisonous snakes replaces one of the long rows of small sharp teeth found in harmless species.

This clinches the matter, and shows beyond doubt that the reptile is one of the poisonous colubridæ, or asps, the markings indicating that it is a karait. Karaits are an especial nuisance where they occur, for they love to live about human habitations, and have an uncomfortable habit of dropping upon one's bed out of the thatch with which bungalows are roofed. They lurk on the tops of window-sashes, coil themselves up behind the basin on the wash-stand, and like the privacy of an empty drawer. They are too stupid or too lethargic to get out of the way un-

less actually inconvenienced, and the result is an appalling number of deaths from their bites. For although a strong man may recover, provided the wound is promptly cut out and cauterized, there is little chance for the less robust native of India.

The story of the man who drove the forty-two miles which separate the valley of the Doon from the nearest railway station, in a sleeping carriage, with a karait coiled up under his pillow, and only discovered his fellow traveller on arriving at his destination, is probably quite true. Indeed, throughout the whole of Northern India one has to be very cautious about even walking across a room at night, for fear of treading upon one of these unwelcome visitors in the dark.

More deadly even than the karait is the almost equally common cobra and the comparatively rare hamadryas. These creatures are both related to the karait, and can be distinguished from harmless snakes by the same signs. The cobra, it is true, will usually get out of the way when it hears footsteps; but, upon the other hand, its temper is exceedingly short, and when it does bite, medical science is seldom of much avail. Prompt action is the only chance, and numerous cases are upon record where lives have been saved by instantly cutting out the bitten place. Once the poison has passed into the circulation, and this happens in an incredibly short space of time, it is usually too late. An instance which is generally believed out here is described where a man who was cutting wood was bitten by a cobra upon the finger. With the courage of despair, and without waiting an instant to reflect, he raised his axe in the other hand and chopped the finger clean off upon the spot. For the time being he felt no effect of the poison. Presently he began to call himself a fool for having cut off his finger, and to think that he might as well make an effort to save it. He replaced it in position. The poison penetrated into his system through the rejoined blood vessels, and the result was one more death from snake bite. A case where a woman was bitten in the hand by a cobra while she was nursing her child, with the result that both mother and infant died, has been recorded officially by a qualified physician, and shows how exceedingly virulent the poison sometimes is. Only the other day a case was reported which occurred close to Calcutta, where a man killed a cobra and cut off its head. He then proceeded to exhibit his trophy to



KARAITS, THE POISONOUS SNAKES FOUND ABOUT HOUSES.

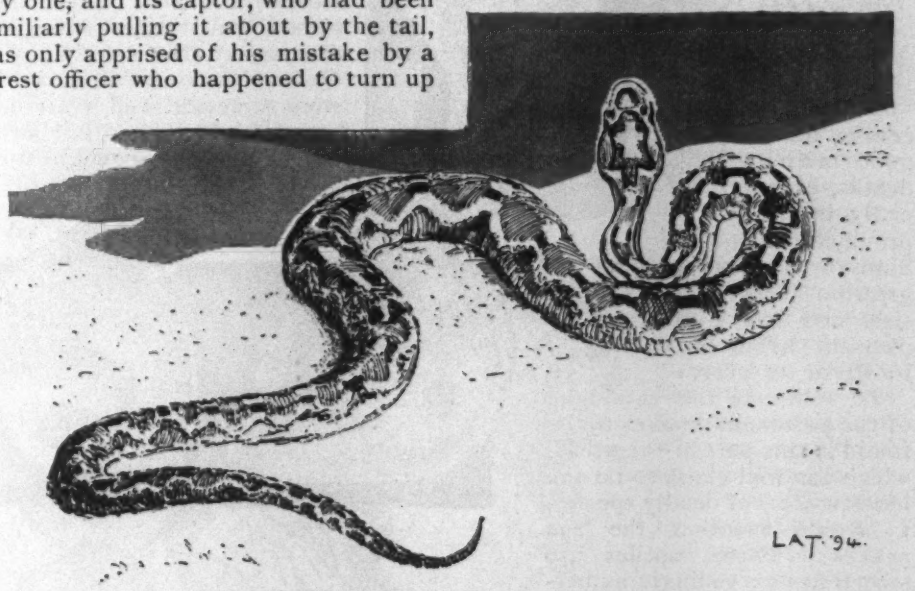
a friend. In doing so he accidentally scratched his hand against one of the fangs, and died shortly afterward from the blood poisoning which ensued.

Dried and pulverized, the poison is almost as deadly as when injected by the live cobra. Native doctors use it medicinally in microscopic doses, and have a barbarous method of extracting it. They put a cobra into an earthen pot, and drop a banana in after it. They then tie down the lid, and heat the pot over a fire. The wretched snake is soon tortured into a rage in its baking prison, and bites the banana in its paroxysms. The fruit is afterward carefully dried, and is then ready for use. It is pronounced under some circumstances to be a wonderfully powerful stimulant, but is only used in extreme cases, and even then probably does infinitely more harm than good. The same preparation is also said to be employed by leather-workers for poisoning other people's cattle, with a view to afterward buying up the hides cheap. This is a form of crime very prevalent in India, and one that the authorities find most difficult to check. For, how is the ignorant native cultivator to prove that his plough bullocks have not died of cattle disease? He may complain to the nearest magistrate, and the magistrate may order the beasts to be examined, but snake poison leaves no external marks, and is almost impossible to detect chemically. It is not surprising, under these circumstances, that he often decides to accept the loss, and not incur the enmity of the cattle-poisoners by seeking redress.

A monarch among poisonous snakes is the enormous hamadryas, which grows to be as much as fourteen feet in length, and is so fierce that it will sometimes attack and even chase any one who ventures near to its nest. Native snake-charmers, who will handle the fiercest cobras fearlessly, are usually loath to touch a hamadryas, though I have occasionally seen a large specimen of this venomous reptile in their bags. It lays its eggs in a heap of decaying leaves, which it collects for the purpose, and sits upon the top to keep off intruders. A road through the jungle will sometimes be closed against all comers by a pair of these snakes, and woe betide the unfortunate traveller

THE DABOIA, A VARIETY OF TRUE VIPERS.

who stumbles unawares upon the nest. The hamadryas feeds largely upon other snakes, but it is fortunately somewhat rare. Curiously enough, it is not always aggressive. Indeed, it sometimes happens that it is quite unwilling to strike. Superficially it is not unlike a harmless rock snake; and not very long ago, in Burmah, a man brought one in from the jungle and kept it loose in his house for some days, under the impression that it was one of these creatures. During the whole of its captivity it never attempted to bite any one, and its captor, who had been familiarly pulling it about by the tail, was only apprised of his mistake by a forest officer who happened to turn up and who knew a good deal about snakes. It is easy to imagine the haste with which the amateur snake-charmer proceeded to dispose of his captive.



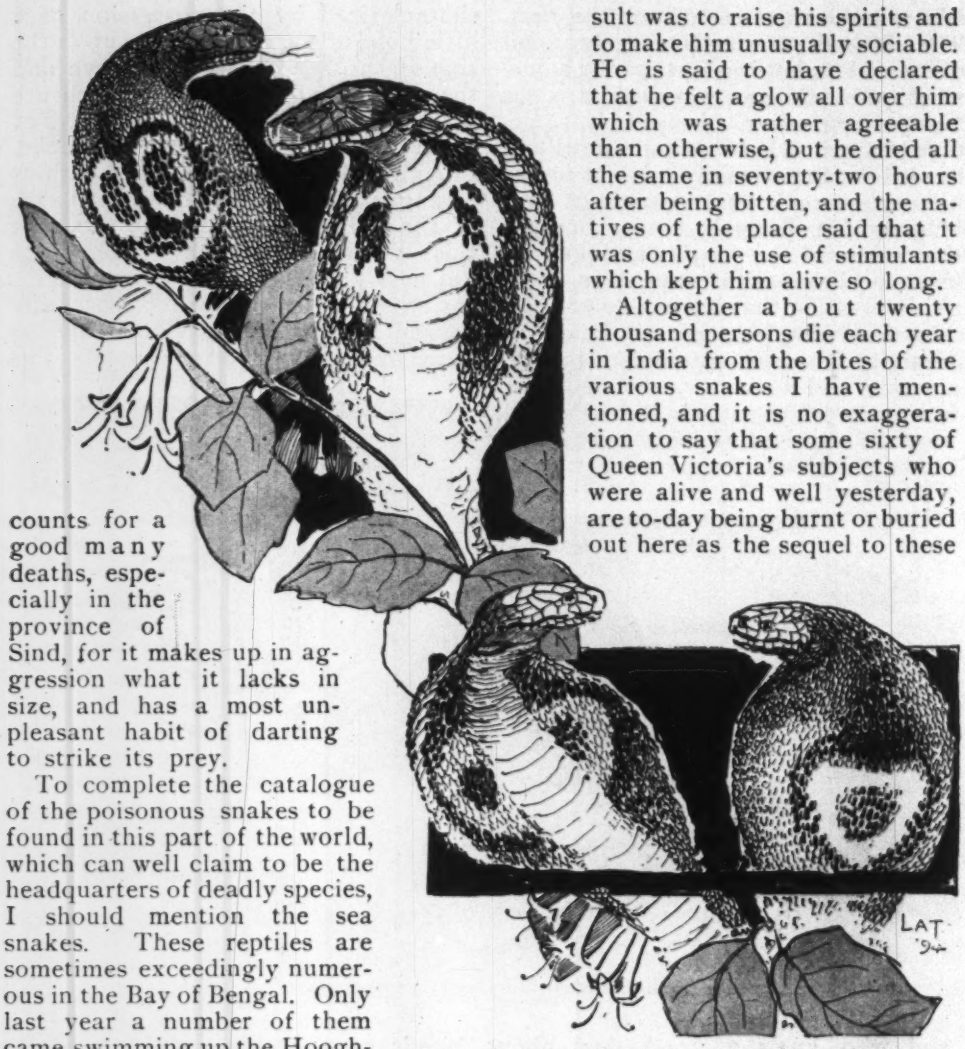
THE ECHIS, ANOTHER VARIETY OF TRUE VIPERS.

The karait, the cobra, and the hamadryas are all colubrine snakes or asps, related more or less closely to the poisonous coral snake of the American continent, and probably also to the asp with which Cleopatra committed suicide in a bygone age.

India also has a plentiful supply of viperine snakes. These creatures can always be recognized without difficulty by their broad swollen heads and their necks covered with tiny scales.

Vipers are divided into pit vipers, characterized by the possession of a little hole, or pit, easily visible upon the side of the head, between the eye and the nostril, and true vipers, which are without this organ. The pit vipers of India are related to the rattlesnake, though none of them have the curious arrangement of horny scales at the tip of the tail which forms the rattle of this well-known creature. They are not nearly so deadly as the rattlesnake, for though deaths are occasionally caused by them, their victims are far more likely than not to recover. The bite is none the less painful until the effects pass off.

Far more fatal than any of the Indian pit vipers are the daboia and the echis, which are both classed as true vipers. The daboia is a bright yellow-colored species, with conspicuous black chain-like markings upon the back. It is a fierce, sluggish creature, which will hardly trouble to get out of the way, though it hisses loudly when it happens to hear one coming. It has enormous movable fangs and a poison so deadly that, once a man has been bitten by it deeply, he has hardly any chance of recovery. The echis is sand-colored and very much smaller, but, if anything, even more vicious. It ac-



TWO CHARACTERISTIC MARKINGS OF COBRA HOODS SHOWING BACK AND BELLY MARKINGS.

counts for a good many deaths, especially in the province of Sind, for it makes up in aggression what it lacks in size, and has a most unpleasant habit of darting to strike its prey.

To complete the catalogue of the poisonous snakes to be found in this part of the world, which can well claim to be the headquarters of deadly species, I should mention the sea snakes. These reptiles are sometimes exceedingly numerous in the Bay of Bengal. Only last year a number of them came swimming up the Hooghly River all the way to Calcutta, which is at least eighty miles from the sea. They were very troublesome for a time, and are even said to have made their way into the city water-pipes, which derive their supply from the river. Sea snakes can always be recognized by the flattened, oarlike tails with which they steer their way through the waves. They appear to be invariably poisonous. Native fishermen know them well, and tell most blood-curdling stories about their deadliness. One of the best known instances of their bite occurred to a sea captain who was bathing in the Moulmein harbor. The immediate result was to raise his spirits and to make him unusually sociable. He is said to have declared that he felt a glow all over him which was rather agreeable than otherwise, but he died all the same in seventy-two hours after being bitten, and the natives of the place said that it was only the use of stimulants which kept him alive so long.

Altogether about twenty thousand persons die each year in India from the bites of the various snakes I have mentioned, and it is no exaggeration to say that some sixty of Queen Victoria's subjects who were alive and well yesterday, are to-day being burnt or buried out here as the sequel to these accidents. The same will happen to-morrow and the next day; and at least one death from similar causes may be expected to occur every half hour between now and the time that the readers of McClure's Magazine peruse what I have written. Mortality of this magnitude is a terrible thing, though the fact must be remembered that it is distributed among a population four times as large as that of the United States, and thus passes to a great extent unnoticed.

The casualties are confined almost entirely to the poorer and more ignor-

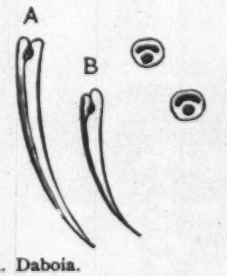
ant natives, who habitually go about with bare feet. For, although creatures like the hamadryas and the echis are occasionally spoiling for a fight, as a general rule a snake is no more anxious to be trodden upon than a man is to tread upon it. The consequence is that people who wear boots are hardly ever bitten. This is not so much because of the protection of the leather as on account of the noise made by a boot upon the ground, which warns the snake to get out of the way. The ordinary native in bare feet makes hardly any sound whatever as he walks along, and is consequently very liable to surprise a snake in the path. The white man, on the other hand, in a good pair of creaky boots, is so safe that it is most exceptional to hear of an accident where he is concerned.

Another reason which tends very largely to increase the mortality among natives is the way these poor people have of resigning themselves to die as soon as they are bitten. They thus too often waste the first precious moments which the white man would employ in cutting out the bitten place with his pocket knife. For, although a really severe bite from a bad species is almost certain to prove fatal, it very frequently happens that the wound is only half inflicted, in which case immediate action may result in saving life. As a general rule, when a native lies down and declares that death is written upon his forehead, death comes surely enough; but an amusing instance occurred only the other night where this resignation was premature. We had just arrived in the valley of the Doon, and were in the middle of dinner, when the head servant announced that one of the punkah-pullers had been bitten by a snake. Hurrying out, we found the man lying already almost unconscious. A dozen willing hands seized him, and in less time than it takes to tell he was under a lamp and being examined by the station doctor, who luckily happened to be upon the spot. Coma seemed to be fast coming on, and, when roused, the unfortunate man could only point feebly to one of his feet and mutter: "Samp mara,"—"A snake has struck." Beyond this nothing could at first be elicited. The most careful examination failed to discover the slightest sign of tooth or fang; otherwise the place would have been excised ruthlessly. A strong dose of whiskey and water was given to the patient, who was supported up and down the veranda energetically by two stalwart chûprassies—messengers—to try to prevent his becoming quite insensible, for he could not put one foot before the other himself, and it seemed most likely that his case would terminate fatally. The relatives began to lament. The local snake-charmer was brought in, only to be as promptly turned out by the doctor in charge, and told to do his magic outside. In the mean time the sufferer appeared to be sinking, and it

THE HAMADRYAS, THE LARGEST OF THE POISONOUS SNAKES OF INDIA.

was not until a goatskin of particularly cold water had been brought to pour over him—it was a somewhat chilly night—that he showed any signs of returning animation. From this point onward he began to mend, and eventually it transpired that the whole thing was a scare. He had been coming along a dark path when he trod upon what was, in all probability, a perfectly harmless snake. The creature coiled its clammy body up his bare leg, and in his terrified imagination he thought that it struck at him. Immediately the belief seized him that he had been bitten by a poisonous snake. The shock to his nerves was so great that he very nearly died of it. Death through the imagination under such circumstances is by no means unknown, and the fact is less surprising when it is remembered how small are the chances of recovery after a man has really been bitten.

ARRANGEMENT OF SCALES ON COLUBRINE SNAKE (ONE OF THE LARGEST VARIETY OF COBRAS). A DISSECTED HEAD AND SKULL OF SAME.

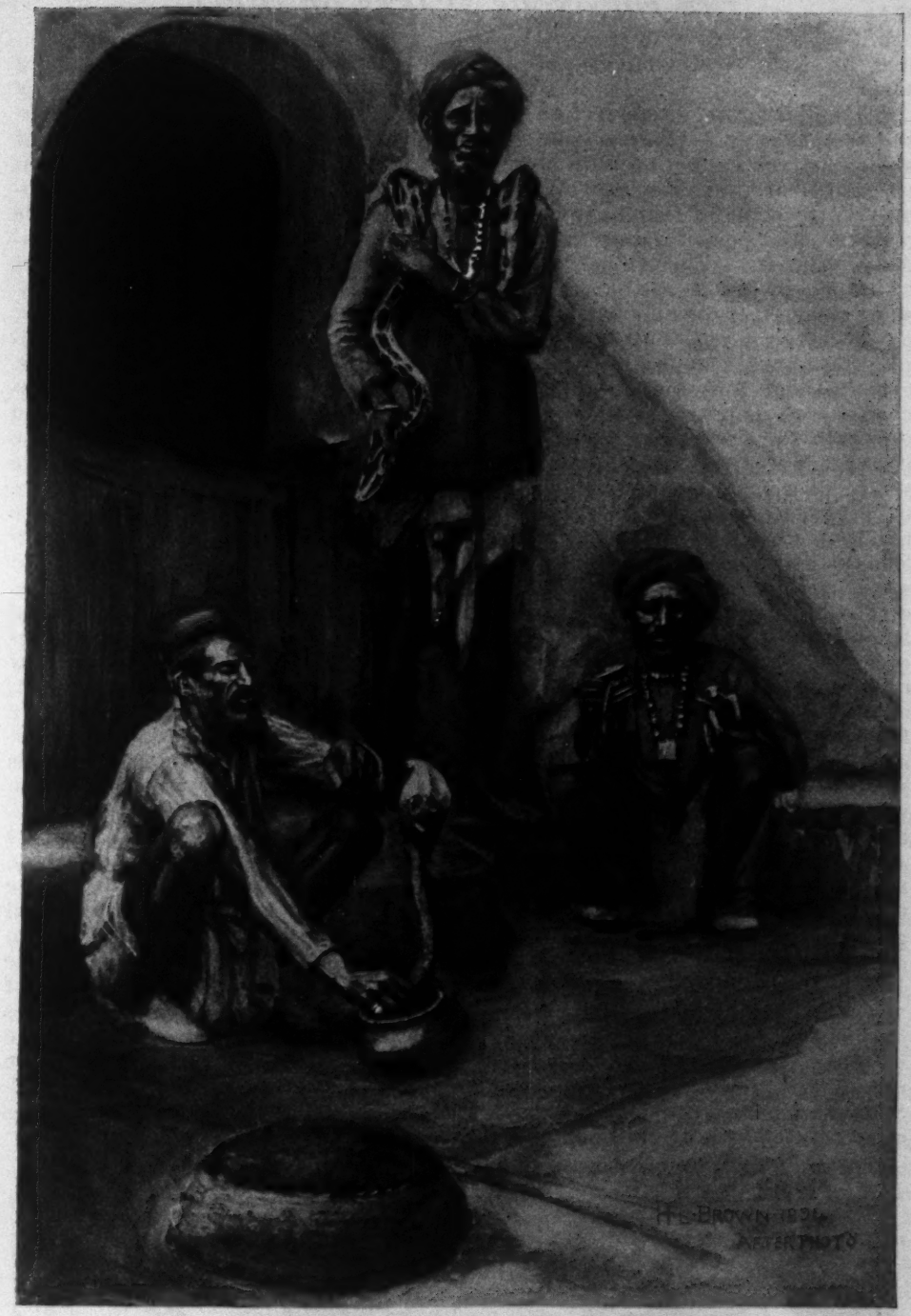


A. Daboia.
B. Cobra. Also section of fangs.

DISSECTED HEAD AND SKULL OF DABOIA. COMPARATIVE SIZES OF POISONOUS FANGS OF DABOIA AND COBRA.

The British Government does what it can to get rid of poisonous snakes. Large rewards are annually paid for their heads, and in this way great numbers are destroyed. Attempts are constantly being made to clear away the rubbish which accumulates around village sites, and thus to reduce the shelter in which these creatures breed. As yet, however, hardly any appreciable effect has been produced. Year after year the tale of deaths remains undiminished, and fresh snakes appear as fast as their predecessors are killed off. For a long time the supposition was widely entertained that the professional native snake-killers regularly bred the creatures for the sake of the reward; but, as scientific men have quite failed in their efforts to persuade poisonous snakes to multiply in confinement, the belief seems scarcely reasonable.

If the people themselves would only coöperate vigorously with the authorities in killing snakes, the task of dealing with the problem would be greatly facilitated. Strangely enough, however, snakes in general, and the deadly cobras in particular, are popularly regarded in India with a superstitious reverence akin almost to worship. Comparatively few natives of India, in spite of the temptation of the reward, will kill a snake willingly. On the contrary, it is no uncommon thing for them to encourage the creatures about their houses by feeding them with milk and eggs. In this way villages are to be found where poisonous snakes fairly swarm. A curious superstition is said to prevail in some localities, to the effect that an innocent maiden is not liable to be bitten, and when a death occurs from the bite of some snake which has been encouraged in the house, it is said to be the little daughter of the family who is most often selected for the dangerous task of driving it tenderly away. Even when this is not the case, the greatest care is usually taken



A TYPICAL GROUP OF SNAKE CHARMERS. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHNSTON & HOFFMAN, CALCUTTA.

The man squatting upon the ground to the left, has a cobra half out of an earthen pot; the man in the centre is holding a harmless rock snake (the head in the right hand); the figure to the right has a mongoose uncomfortably squeezed up in his left hand.

that no harm shall happen to the snake.

A familiar figure in connection with Indian snakes is the charmer, who goes about the land exhibiting both poisonous and harmless species. It is a mistake to suppose that he invariably removes the poison fangs from his dangerous pets. Even if he did so, it would not by any means be a complete safeguard. It is easy enough to break off a snake's fangs, but as a general rule fresh ones soon grow again; and, even without this, the poison glands continue to pour their deadly secretion into the creature's mouth, where it is ready to be inoculated into the scratches which a snake is quite able to inflict by means of the numerous minute teeth which it possesses in addition to its poison fangs. The claims sometimes put forward by snake-charmers, to have rendered themselves safe from harm by gradual inoculation with snake poison, do not seem to have been quite satisfactorily disproved, but are not likely to have any foundation in fact. Snake-charmers are always exceedingly careful not to allow themselves to be really bitten, but at the same time it is remarkable how seldom they meet with a fatal accident.

Among the natural enemies with which snakes have to contend, one of the most useful is the well-known mongoose. This is a little gray-colored creature much like a magnified weasel. It will attack even the fiercest cobra, and almost invariably gets the best of the encounter, for it is so quick in its movements that the snake is hardly ever given an opportunity to strike. Snake-charmers constantly carry a mongoose about with them, and a fight between this plucky little animal and a cobra is a common feature of the show before the hotel veranda. Sometimes the mongoose gets scratched by one of the cobra's fangs deeply enough to draw blood as it dodges past the reptile's mouth, and it seems to be so little the worse for the mishap that it is popularly believed to possess an antidote. This idea appears to be sheer imagination, though it is quite possible that the mongoose may be less susceptible to the poison than some animals. That its non-susceptibility is incomplete is shown by the fact, that, when deeply bitten, it invariably dies. The only creatures which appear to be able to withstand a bite with impunity are the snakes themselves. In their case the poison is almost entirely inoperative, though physiologists have still to discover how this comes to be the case.

As yet the whole subject is involved in a mystery which has not been penetrated. Almost every day some new remedy is announced as effective, but, like the snake stories of the native charmers, it invariably breaks down hopelessly when tried in cases where the poison has really penetrated into the blood. That an antidote is possible is certainly indicated by the curious immunity of the snakes themselves. Its discovery may be one of those great popular benefits which the veil of the future conceals; but, even when found, many more years must elapse before knowledge and appreciation of it penetrate to the ignorant multitudes of India, who have more faith in the magic of their sorcerers and in the decrees of fate than in all the discoveries of science and the appliances of surgery.

THE REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

By E. Jay Edwards.

WHEN the Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby died, many persons in New York City were very doubtful whether the man could be found who had both the capacity and the disposition to serve as his successor as President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Under the direction of Dr. Crosby, that chartered association had obtained and maintained no little influence in the suppression of crime; and yet, perhaps, it was brought more prominently before the public by reason of the peculiar and unconventional views of Dr. Crosby with respect to the regulation of the liquor traffic, and the cultivation of habits of temperate use of mild stimulants on the part of the people.

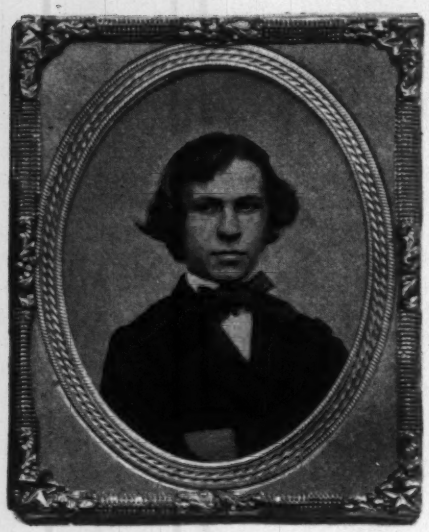
There had come into this association a few months before the death of Dr. Crosby a man who, like himself, was pastor of a Presbyterian Church in New York. He was known to those of his denomination as a clergyman of scholarly habit and attainments, and large general culture. He was esteemed no more able, no more conspicuous, than any one of a score of clergymen in New York. His congregation had in it men of wealth and a conservative manner of life, who liked scholarly preaching, gave liberally to charity, and maintained one of the flourishing churches of the Presbyterian denomination. With such a congregation he was in cordial sympathy, and the relation between the pastor and his flock was a very happy one.

This man was chosen as the successor of Dr. Crosby as the President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, and some expression of surprise was heard from members of his congregation that he should have been specially indicated for that office, while the community read the announcement that the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst had been elected president of that association with indifference.

He was, however, within a few months to give a new version of Sir Robert Peel's definition of the word agitation. Peel had said that agitation was the marshalling of the conscience of the nation to mould its laws. Dr. Parkhurst took his office, determined that hereafter agitation should be made to mean, also, the marshalling of the conscience of a great municipality to enforce its laws; and within less than four years after he began his work he stood revealed not only to the great city where he had been known so long as a gentle preacher, but to the nation and to the world, as an agitator worthy to take rank with men who have made history with the weapons of the agitator.

The students in the preparatory school at East Hampton, Massachusetts; the parishioners in the beautiful village of Lenox, where Dr. Parkhurst preached for many years; the playmates of his early life, and the companions of his college days, have read with amazement that this studious youth, whose aspirations, though tinged indeed with a gentle piety manifested in his daily life, seemed to reach only to the peaceful office of preaching and the duties immediately connected therewith, had of a sudden been revealed as a man with the aggressive courage of a Cromwell or a Luther. To this day no explanation suffices them except that of divine inspiration and divine strength, for the fact that this same Dr. Parkhurst, with only a pulpit and an association behind him, was able in the short space of three years' time to become so great a moral and social personal force.

Young Parkhurst, after his graduation from Amherst College, was appointed an instructor in the preparatory school in that town, and there he stayed for two years. His scholars looked upon him as a man of gentle



DR. PARKHURST AT 15.

DR. PARKHURST AT 20.

disposition, strict in his discipline, but full of justice; a lover of books, and fond of dialectic and theologic study. His associates in the faculty prophesied that for him the future would offer a career of congenial employment in the pulpit, and in such a parish as would give him sufficient leisure for those studies which had a fascination for him. In this preparatory school he found among his pupils the young woman who became his wife; and after marriage they sailed away upon a honeymoon, ideal in its purpose and the realization of it, for they went to Europe, where the young theologian continued his studies. It was doubtless upon this happy journey that, being brought to such places as gave him opportunity to make a study of Luther's life and career, he learned the lesson never forgotten, that "the great reformer is one who can put social and civil elements into successful action, and do it, as Luther did, by the ingenious invention and discovery of his own tools, although the mightiest forces of society are arrayed against him."

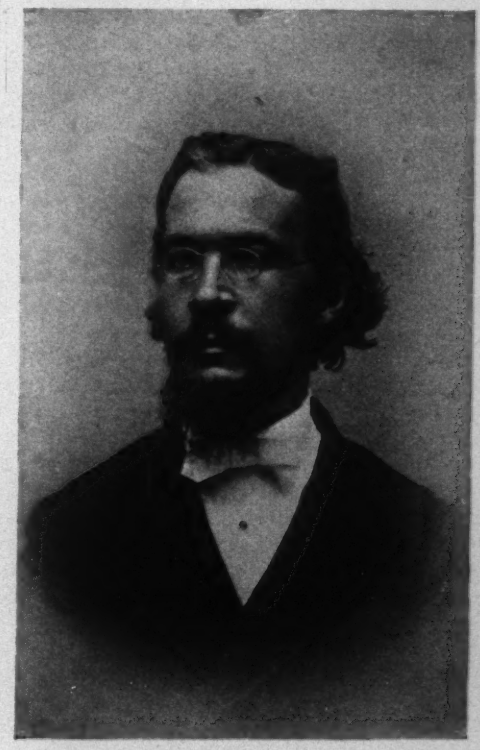
Dr. Parkhurst was called to a church in Lenox, Massachusetts, soon after he was admitted to the ministry—Lenox, that village where almost ideal existence is possible; where nature inspires; where there is peace always; where, in the summer months, a considerable number of those who represent what is refined, cultivated, lofty, and conservative in New York City dwell; and where every condition for tranquil life prevails.

Those who went up to Lenox from New York in the summer time, and listened to Dr. Parkhurst's preaching, were accustomed to esteem him the characteristic type and development of that peculiar and delightful environment; and they are the people who, more than any others, have been astonished that Dr. Parkhurst should have been developed into a giant warrior, marshalling his forces with splendid energy to fight successful battles against prodigious odds.

Dr. Parkhurst was called some thirteen years ago from this rural parish to the influential Madison Square Presbyterian Church in New York City. He was not esteemed a great preacher, nor, indeed, a great man; but his scholarly sermons had appealed pleasantly to men of intellectual tastes who had been accustomed to hear him in the Lenox church, and when a vacancy came in their own city pulpit, they were of opinion that he had especial qualifications for filling it.

He came to New York as other ministers have come, without public notice, without occasioning a ripple of excite-

ment, even in his own denomination. He maintained in his new pulpit its repute for conservatism, piety, and a tolerant sort of Christianity and dogma, which was willing to let well enough alone. By this it is not meant to imply that Dr. Parkhurst preached such sermons as suggested that the pathway to better things was one of flowery ease. He was rigorous in his morality, yet tolerant and rather broad in his interpretation of the Scriptures; and, while he gained no especial repute as a pulpit orator, his people liked him, and had full appreciation of the vigor of thought and the scholarly research and treatment revealed by his sermons. Surrounded then, as he and his wife were, by men and women of refinement and of cultivation; having all things comfortable and delightful that he desired; able to go yearly abroad that he might scale the peaks of the Alps or explore the byways of the Norwegian peninsula; brought in daily contact with kindred scholarly minds, he was a man who might well be envied by clergymen less fortunate than he. In a moment he stepped outside these delightful paths, and subjected himself to scorn, the flippant jest, the constant sneer, the malice of a powerful political organization, and the revengeful spirit of those who would assassinate not only character but life itself, if they had opportunity.



DR. PARKHURST AT 35.

It was the press which, more than twenty years ago, with one sudden, tremendous crash of revelation, shattered the powerful Tammany organization as it had been developed under Tweed, and sent him to prison and his associates into exile. It was the pulpit, Dr. Parkhurst's pulpit, which, by one sudden, magnificent, and resounding philippic against the later Tammany, startled the public conscience and commanded it, so that the notable activity in behalf of purging and purification that we are to-day witnessing on every hand was possible.

Perhaps one or two members of Dr. Parkhurst's congregation knew, when he went into his pulpit on that Sunday morning nearly four years ago, that when he came out of it there would have been delivered a message such as no pulpit in this country had delivered since the days when Theodore Parker and Henry Ward Beecher inveighed against the slave power. There was no suggestion of that lofty purpose, involving the highest moral courage, in Dr. Parkhurst's manner on that morning. He read the Scriptures with effective elocution, as he always did; his prayer was a simple, earnest appeal for divine guidance, breathing a spirit of reverential piety; and if, after the preliminary services, he had preached a sermon impressive in its pious aspirations and beautiful in its teachings, the congregation would have said that it was suggestive of the spirit with which he entered the pulpit.

But he had not spoken many moments before the impressive tribute which awakened interest, suppressed excitement, or awe and terror suggest, went forth from that congregation

to the pulpit. His eloquence was the eloquence of mighty emotion; his rhetoric had behind it that most convincing of impulses, a conviction of truth; and he stood there indicting the political powers of the city, declaring that the chief criminals were they; that they were aiders, abettors, and accessories before and after the fact of crime; that they supported vices that the statutes pronounced unlawful; that they levied blackmail upon those who purvey to those vices; and that from that time on the duty of moral men, of good men, of pious men, was to create such public opinion as would make it possible for those who proposed to engage in a mighty struggle with those political powers to do their work to the end.

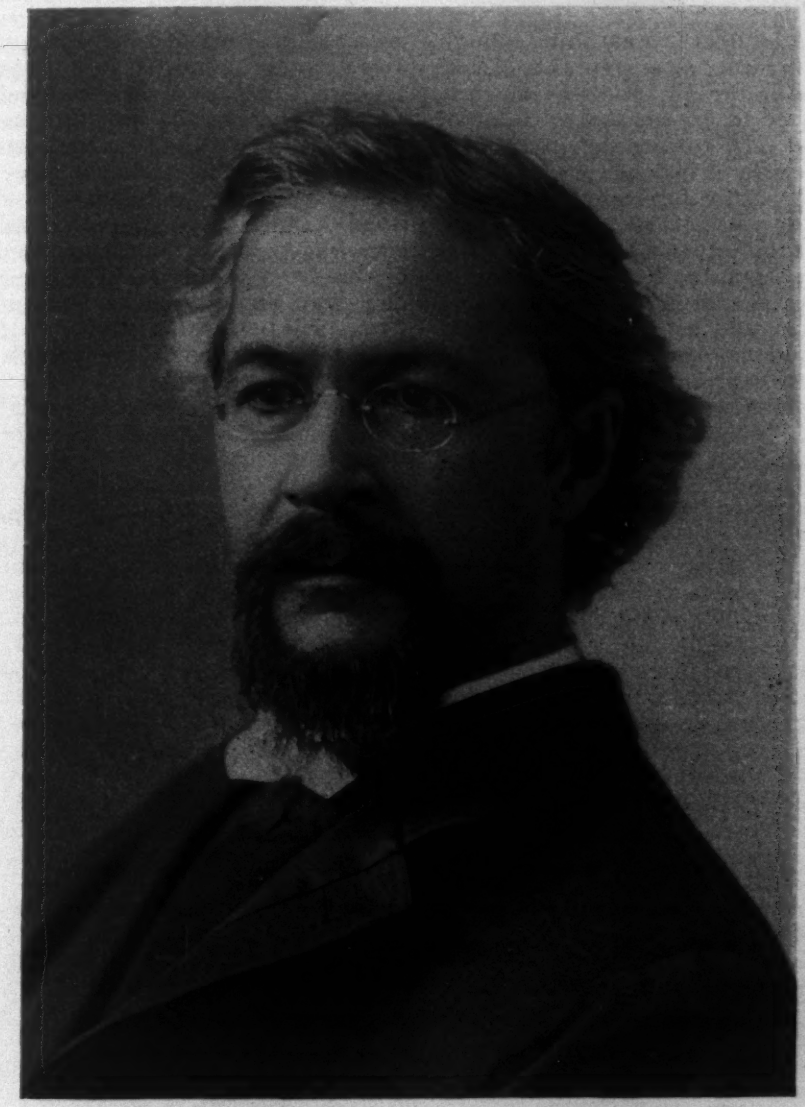
It has been said of late that Dr. Parkhurst has conquered respect from those who used to sneer at him, because he has revealed the capacity to be courageous. He has heeded not one of the threats of assassination; he has gone forth by night and by day without special protection, secret or open; and that is a quality of courage which does win respect with certain minds. But it was a loftier courage which he revealed when, upon that Sunday morning, he stood before his congregation, and so spoke that they were shocked, terrified, amazed. What he then said involved the forsaking of that delightful life which he had led, the putting behind him of the comfortable things, the coming into contact with vice, the arousing of enmities and forces which had hitherto been powerful enough to suppress the ablest of political leaders, and to ruin men who had dared to express repelling opinions. And, moreover, it involved the shocking of his congregation, the entering upon new relations with some of them, the encountering of the hostility of others. In short, it meant a life of hard and dangerous warfare, instead of one of serenity and peace.

Later on, Dr. Parkhurst revealed his moral courage perhaps yet more supremely. In that sermon he had given the public conscience a mighty shock. Reported as it was fully the next day by the public press, it stirred the community, as it had in its delivery his congregation; and it was just this stirring of the conscience which he had in mind when he prepared that address. However, the men of the world said: "Oh, this is another pulpit sensation; this man Parkhurst is itching for notoriety; he has caught the fever which has produced so many unhealthy and sensational sermons written for the sole purpose of bringing notoriety to the preachers. We may hear two or three more sermons from him of this sort; he will be talked about, and that will be the end of it."

Dr. Parkhurst foresaw such comments as these, and he realized that in the work which he had undertaken there must be a series of shocks, impressive, awful, perhaps hideous in their causes, before the public conscience could be thoroughly marshalled for the battle. Moreover, he was well aware that he must know those things which he condemned; know them not by hearsay but by contact, by experience; and so this gentle preacher, this man of books, of delightful surroundings, living in an atmosphere of purity and peace, went forth to see with his own eyes, and hear with his own ears, even the most hideous of all the evils that prevailed. To do this required a moral courage which the community only now appreciates; for he had not only to see, to be himself shocked, but he had to make revelations before the community of his own contact with these hideous things. Therefore, when it was published that Dr. Parkhurst, with an officer of his society and one of his parishioners, had entered places whose names one hesitates to speak; had come, in his own experience, within sight of the lowest depths of depravity; and had made public confession of his conduct by appearing in the courts of justice and telling as a witness his experience, he gave the public conscience another shock mightier even than that occasioned by his pulpit deliverance.

His own congregation somewhat revolted when the story of this experience was told. Good men spoke with solemn tones and warning gesture as they declared that Dr. Parkhurst had gone too far; that his purpose might

be good, but his methods were indefensible. A portion of the press turned upon him with a sneer, and he was accused of making public the existence of vices which by common consent were ignored. He stood the storm of abuse with patience and a generous disposition such as few men could have revealed, but he was not swerved so much as a hair's-breadth from his purpose.



DR. PARKHURST TO-DAY. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY, NEW YORK.

With the pulpit address and with these earlier revelations awakening the community, that part of Dr. Parkhurst's plan of campaign was ended. Those who flocked to his church expecting to hear words that would alarm, sensational sermons, were disappointed. With one or two other brief allusions to these matters, Dr. Parkhurst dismissed them so far as the pulpit was concerned. He became again the gentle, scholarly preacher of the gospel, and no man entering his church in the past

year or two, and not knowing who the preacher was, would have heard any word that could have suggested that this was the leader in one of the most significant struggles against social and political evil that we have known since slavery days.

Dr. Parkhurst came naturally enough, and with rather slow step as well, into the face of the gigantic evil which he determined to expose and to call upon all good men to help him overthrow. In the course of his church work he became especially interested in some of the young men of his parish, and, because of this interest, he was led to look into the opportunities which a great city like New York gives for rational recreation and entertainment and for more serious employment, and also into those contrary opportunities which tempt young men to bad courses. After a little investigation he was amazed. He discovered that within a stone's throw, almost, of his own church, were seats of vice. He learned that of the thousands of grogshops in New York City, many existed without any legal authority, and that the greater number of them openly and fearlessly violated the statutes regulating the sale of intoxicants. He discovered that many places where liquor was sold were made comfortable and even most attractive, and that upon Sundays they were open and thronged, taking on the appearance of the *cafés* of private clubhouses. He learned that within five minutes' walk of his own home, and almost within sight of his church, were many places where men spent the night in gambling.

A reformer, zealous but not judicious, would have begun immediately to make assault upon these places and the proprietors of them. But Dr. Parkhurst hesitated. In his congregation was a man who had the familiarity that comes of long experience with the crime of New York, for he had served for many years as one of the Police Commissioners. He was a man of honorable life, distressed by much that he saw and could not remedy, and had departed from his official post filled with disgust at the lawlessness tolerated by officers of the law, and wondering whether by any political revolution it would be possible to effect any reforms. With him Dr. Parkhurst had many conversations. He questioned him with the persistence and skill of a cross-examiner. He learned that the open violation of the liquor laws was possible because the authorities not only permitted it, but encouraged it. He learned that the gambling hells made scarcely any pretense of secrecy, because they claimed protection from the officers of the law; and that yet worse establishments flourished because they were cultivated and encouraged, rather than suppressed and driven from the city, by these same officers of the law, and as a part of the "practical politics" of the city.

Having learned these things, Dr. Parkhurst went before the society of which he is president, and, consulting with those men of ability and influence who gave him encouragement both by word and money, made this declaration: "The chief criminals of the city of New York are those who are in political power; and the servants of the public, supported by public taxes, are the abettors and accessories of those crimes which are the result of the disposition to immorality, to gambling, and to drink. We shall never suppress these crimes until we suppress the influences which make it possible for them to exist; and I propose, as President of the Society for the Prevention of Crime, that we give battle against these men, and the system which they have created."

It was after this declaration that Dr. Parkhurst, considering deeply the best method for a first attack, decided to deliver the volley from the pulpit. When afterwards he appeared in the courts, making complaints and testifying against those whose violations of the law he had witnessed, there went up a hue and cry that he proposed, with the officers of his society, to go here and there throughout the city, raiding this place, descending upon that, and doing the business which the police of New York are employed to perform. But Dr. Parkhurst had no such purpose. He made those first complaints, and secured the con-

viction and punishment of the offenders, not as initial steps in any wholesale attempt to raid the dens of vice in the city, but simply to show the community that these things did exist, the police knowing of them, and protecting them, and demanding blackmail for their protection. With the first few cases of this kind Dr. Parkhurst found that his purpose had been abundantly justified. There were still sneers, both private and in the press. Some brother clergymen, walking about with their heads in the air, still complained grievously that Dr. Parkhurst should have soiled the cloth by personal contact with vice in its worst forms. But Dr. Parkhurst had accomplished what he wished to accomplish. He had again shocked, so that he might marshal, the conscience of the community. And he not only received personal proofs that good citizens were approving his course, but he also perceived that thousands in the community were, even while shaking their heads in doubt over his methods, declaring that nevertheless the crowning evil of which he complained, namely, that crime flourished because the officers of the law were accessories, had been through his efforts made clear.

Now, if we turn for a moment from Dr. Parkhurst to the political powers of New York which he had the courage to confront, we shall see what a mighty yet compact, what a perfectly disciplined, force those powers had become.

DR. PARKHURST'S STUDY.

DR. PARKHURST'S DRAWING-ROOM.

Building upon the grog-shop as its foundation, a political organization had been established in New York which, without the outward semblance of power such as belongs to avowed sovereigns, had, nevertheless, established an autocracy as perfect in many respects as any which exist in the half-civilized countries of the East. It was a one-man power. The ruler of Tammany Hall, without legislative sanction, without public office, without any of the implements of political power excepting his own will, ruled a body of men who had been able for six years to choose at the polls the rulers of the city. In its subdivisions this organization extended into every lane and by-path of New York. Its subordinates obeyed the superiors as patiently, and as absolutely, as do the subordinates in a great army their superior officers. It had the power, by countless harassments and by threats, to compel citizens to submit to petty exactions. It had the power, when one of the newspapers of the city was attacking it with severity, to raise the

DR. PARKHURST'S DINING-ROOM.

taxable assessment upon the property of that newspaper to a figure that would have been ruinous, and would have done it had not the press of New York united in silent but effective protest. It controlled the subordinate courts and the prosecuting officers. It was powerful enough to direct that indictments brought for violation of the liquor, the gambling, or the disorderly-house statutes, should be pigeonholed ; and, on the other hand, it was capable of "railroading" a proprietor who had incurred its hostility, to the State Prison.

Under this regime the people of New York were in many things in virtual slavery. Out of its police department there issued influences which compelled every person who proposed to pander to vice to pay tribute, and the tribute was levied with as accurate and perfect proportion to the ability to pay as the tribute exacted of a conquered province.

The organization was not only potent in New York, but through friendly political alliance in Brooklyn, Troy, Albany, and other large cities of the State, it was able to control the legislature for several years, so that that body also served its purpose.

It was such a power as this that Dr. Parkhurst, having only his pulpit and his society behind him, determined to attack. Of all that company of able lawyers in New York who have said in private as severe words in the way of accusation as Dr. Parkhurst ever uttered, not one, until after he had spoken and acted, came forward as a good citizen, girded for warfare and calling for recruits. Of all that company of good citizens who had either

knowledge or suspicion of these things, not one had uttered a word in public protest until Dr. Parkhurst's courage inspired them. Of the newspapers of New York, but one had made consistent and persistent attack upon this power and its evil influences. And yet, bearing these things in mind, and fully conscious of the personal dangers and the personal obloquy, Dr. Parkhurst dared to step forth alone, and for more than a year fight almost single-handed this gigantic political power. It was fully a year before the public perceived that Dr. Parkhurst purposed making no crusade against the saloon-keeper or the proprietors of other places where vice was tolerated. It was fully eighteen months after he had delivered that sermon in his pulpit before the community understood that he proposed to suppress the saloon, the gambling-house, and the dive, by first destroying the power which protected and levied tribute upon them. Perhaps two years had passed before the community realized fully the orderly discipline, the skill, the discretion, and the strategy of his method of attack. He had seemed to be quiet for so long a time that it began to be said that the Parkhurst sensation had had its day, and that even he had found that he could not prevail against the powerful political forces which were established here. But he had not abandoned his purpose; he was not even sleeping. Suddenly, no one but those associated with him having an inkling of his purpose, he appeared before the Grand Jury. Great crowds followed him on the street, looking with curious, half-humorous, half-respectful glance at his striking figure, tall, and clad in clerical black, and the grave face partly hid behind spectacles and a beard of queer, half-scholarly cut. This throng eyed with something of fear the great bundle of documents under his arm, knowing that these contained something of accusation, prehaps similar to those other indictments which he had brought many months before against the persons whose misdemeanors he had witnessed.

He went into the Grand Jury room, and he must have perceived in the manner of that mysterious body—mysterious in its work—something of the changed sentiment in regard to him and his purposes which had come over the community. No longer was he regarded as a "crank," or a mere notoriety seeker. The Grand Jury received him as a prosecutor with the dignity of achievement behind him, and the representative of a chartered association authorized by the legislature to engage in the business of suppressing crime.

When he came out the crowd followed him, and stood gaping at him as he entered a street-car. There were some flippant jests, but not many, for the community had learned that he was terribly in earnest. They had learned not only that he was in earnest, but also that he did not equivocate, did not excuse, did not retreat a single inch, and that for these reasons he had been heard.

When the Grand Jury reported, it was found that there were indictments against one police captain, and it was known that testimony had been offered tending to implicate even higher police officials in such misdemeanor as neglect of duty implies. Dr. Parkhurst had placed before the Grand Jury the sworn testimony of officers of his society who had discovered a score or more of unlawful resorts, existing some of them within a stone's throw of the station-house of the police captain against whom the indictment was brought, although that officer had declared that not a single place of the kind existed in his precinct.

After this Dr. Parkhurst rushed the battle. His agents were everywhere. They scoured the city, getting testimony of scores and scores of open violations of the law committed daily under the eyes of the police; and sneering at him and laughter at his methods and defiance of him by the political powers were no longer manifested. Instead there came fright and panic. The police commissioners themselves revealed the signs of utmost alarm. The superintendent suddenly caused the captains to be shifted from one precinct to another. There went forth stringent orders for the suppression of vicious resorts, and there

resulted in some instances a clearing out of entire streets which had long enjoyed perfect security. The police superintendent himself planned and executed raids without the aid of the captains of the precincts in which the raided houses existed, and then brought these captains forward to answer the charge of neglect of duty. For the first time in years the disreputable places were for the most part closed, and their inmates driven into hiding. Thus it became evident that Dr. Parkhurst had the police force of New York, as it was said, on the run. The political powers were demoralized and frightened. The community was awakened. And the indications now are, that the political organization which Dr. Parkhurst went forth all but alone four years ago to attack, is tottering, and that its doom may be finally sealed when the people of New York go to the polls next fall.

A pathetic thing happened when, as a result of the fright which Dr. Parkhurst's attack caused in the police department, there followed the series of raids upon disreputable houses. The unfortunate inmates of those houses, finding themselves thus suddenly cast out, went in considerable numbers to Dr. Parkhurst himself for shelter and for help; and many of them, through instrumentalities which he controlled, were put in the way of leading honest lives.

Dr. Parkhurst has not yet made public the full details of his investigation. It has been very thorough, very minute; and when the time comes for telling the whole story, the public will perhaps learn what sums of money the captains of the police force have been compelled to pay to some superior authority, and by just what rates of tribute these captains have recovered from the keepers of unlawful resorts the money thus expended; and also how men without ostensible vocation other than that of police officers, and earning less than three thousand dollars a year salary, have been able in a few years to buy real estate and to become possessed of the other evidences of wealth.

By the autumn of last year, mainly through Dr. Parkhurst's labors, such a force of public indignation had been aroused not only in New York, but also in Brooklyn, that in the latter city there came a revolution that drove the political organization there, till then quite as firmly intrenched as that of New York, out of office, and created a sentiment that has made it possible to prosecute to conviction and lodge in Sing Sing a man who six months ago was deemed so powerful that he could safely defy even the courts. In New York itself, after an election also fruitful of good results, we have just seen eighty persons indicted for election frauds; and every one of these eighty who was brought to trial was convicted, excepting six who are fugitives from justice.

Dr. Parkhurst has developed into a great general since he began this warfare. He has revealed executive ability of extraordinary quality, and he has shown a capacity for strategy, for holding himself well in hand, for meeting cunning and subtle attack, which have amazed those who knew him a few years ago only as a rather secluded pastor.

Soon after the new year the Senate of New York, represented by a committee, prepared to take testimony of those things which Dr. Parkhurst has discovered. It is the opinion of many persons present when that committee met in a hotel in New York, and Dr. Parkhurst appeared before it, that the cunning lawyers composing the committee expected to mould him as clay in their hands; and there have been few more striking scenes than that when this grave, quiet man, whose speech and manner suggested theology, stood before those shrewd lawyers, and fenced with them and thwarted them.

AN ACTUAL EXPERIENCE UNDER FIRE.

By James B. Wilson.

IT was the first day of the new year, 1863, and the second day of the battle of Stone River.

We were awakened that morning in the gray of the dawn, when it was hardly light enough to see, by the bullets dropping on the tarpaulin under which we had been sleeping. Their flight had exceeded the limit of sound, for as yet no report of musketry was heard, and they seemed too far spent to whistle. At first I had a vague impression that they were acorns falling from the oak-tree under which we had spread our tarpaulin. We made a hasty toilet, and picked up our blankets and bedding. Still no sound of guns, large or small, from any part of the field, and no enemy in view.

As we had taken up this position the night before, in the dark, it was all new to me this morning. Our artillery now stood in park, ready for action, at the edge of a sparse grove. In front was an open field, and beyond that, at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, the view was cut off by trees, as it was also to the left, at a still shorter distance. To the right all was open country. About half way across the field stood a regiment of our division, the regimental standard and the Stars and Stripes plainly visible. I had turned around to see if there was any chance of getting a cup of coffee from a kettle I had seen on a small fire made between two fence rails, when we were called to serve the gun; and in a moment more the bullets began to come thicker, and went whistling by our ears instead of dropping to the ground. They hastened my steps as I hurried back to my post at the ammunition chest.

The roll of musketry now became incessant, and still we were idle, awaiting the movements of the regiment in front, which was between us and the Confederates. The bullets literally came like hail, completely stripping the bark from one side of the trees. I had nothing to do but look around me, a most demoralizing occupation at such a time.

The advancing Confederate host now came into plain view in the open field, less than a quarter of a mile distant in front, and we saw it approaching us at a steady pace. While the bullets rained through the air more and more fiercely, and I expected death every moment, my mind seemed intensely active. Yet I was conscious of a sort of dullness, too, as though it were all a dream. I could not divest myself of the firm conviction that I should be shot. Was it a premonition? Another peculiar sensation was the feeling I had toward my comrades. Rapt in self, I was, while in this imminent danger, the embodiment of perfect egoism. I looked upon those around me as beings of another world with whom I had not the slightest sympathy. One of our cannoneers was wounded. When he called my attention to the blood upon his forehead, I looked at him impassively, and thought to myself, "That will soon be my fate, only it will be worse with me," and dismissed him from my mind.

I looked toward the front to see the cause of our idleness. There stood our regiment, its standard falling to the ground and rising again with the regularity of clockwork, as one color-bearer after another was shot down, and other men took their places. While I looked, the regiment thinned to a few men, who kept constantly closing up to the standard. In a moment more, down went the colors, and, as it seemed, every man around them. Now, thought I, we can open

with our artillery. But no; the regimental colors were again picked up by one of the infantrymen, who, seeing no one left but himself, set out toward our line on a rapid run. At the same moment, nearly, a good many more men disengaged themselves from the heap of fallen dead and wounded, and followed the flag, some forty or fifty straggling along in this way. The man with the colors reached our line in safety, but the others melted away under the murderous fire; our guns thundered forth, and made great lanes in the Confederate line, which closed up like gashes cut in water. Then the smoke settled down so thickly that we could not see the effect of our shot.

My mind cleared up considerably, now that work was resumed, though it seemed to me that I was but half conscious of things outside my routine of discipline. Occasionally the rain of bullets drew me out of this semi-lethargy. I could not hear them for the roar of small arms, but there were many indications about me of the storm that prevailed. Standing with my back to the enemy, busy fixing ammunition at the limber, as I raised my eyes I saw the zinc lining of the lid of the chest, which had not been raised more than two minutes, spattered all over with marks of bullets, except where my head had interposed. I was surprised that I had so far been missed, but was still certain that it had only been delayed. Yet I felt no more sympathy for myself than I had for others. With action came this feeling of unconcern; but, when idle, I had ducked my head this way and that, in instinctive fear of bullets.

Turning, after a moment or two, to hand a charge of ammunition to the man whose duty it was to carry it to the piece, I saw him standing with a bloody face. He handed me his pouch, signifying that I was thereafter to add his duties to my own. Mechanically I placed the strap of the pouch over my shoulder, put the ammunition in it, and started for the piece. One or two cannoneers of our piece were lying on the ground. The horses at the left of the battery, I noticed with the briefest glance, were rearing and plunging in a fearful tangle. Those of our half of the battery had been sent off to water before the attack. There would be no such thing as pulling out, so we were in for the worst.

Dark, smoky, almost indistinguishable, the line of Confederates was but a few rods distant, and steadily approaching. At this time four men were working our piece. Handing in my ammunition, I returned to the limber chest for more. A horse hitched to the caisson threw his heels wildly into the air, but, finding this did not free him, snapped his halter and galloped away. An infantryman passed by hurriedly, loading his gun as he went; turned and fired; went on; and then his body shot up into the air, it seemed to me, twice his height, and, with a scream that pierced my ears through the din, he fell to the ground dead. Another infantryman lay badly wounded and quite unconscious across the fence-rail fire mentioned above, rolling from side to side. An artilleryman, hurrying back to the rear for some purpose, suddenly gave a yell, and turned two or three as complete forward somersaults as I ever saw, then recovered his feet, and ran on. A bullet had cut through his scalp at the back and come out in front without entering the skull, as I afterward learned. These things affected me no more than if I had not seen them.

Once more I started for the piece. Handing the contents of my pouch to the cannoneer in front, over the wheel, I noticed the near flash from the guns of the enemy, and felt the warm smoke in my face. It was evident that they would soon be upon us. An order had been given to abandon the ground, but I had not heard it. Three or four of the cannoneers of our piece were still at their posts, however, and the charge I had brought was rammed home. I saw the lanyard tighten in the hands of the cannoneer just as I passed the trail on my way back to the limber chest, and thought the gun was fired; but in this I was mistaken, as I afterward learned.

While within a yard of the trail, with my back to the piece, I thought I heard

a bullet strike somebody very close to me. It was that peculiar, dull, heavy sound which a bullet never makes when striking anything else than a man ; but there was no one near me, neither was I sure about the sound. It seemed to give me an uncomfortable shock. It flashed through my mind that one might as well be hit one's self as to feel that way when others were hit. Then the sensation changed, and I thought that the end of the trail handspike had struck me in the leg as the piece recoiled. Then my senses must have left me partially, for I felt myself as light as a feather, and thought that the stroke from the handspike was driving me an inconceivable distance through the air. Suddenly I found myself on my face, on the ground, and how I reached it was a mystery. In attempting to rise, my leg seemed to have grown numb.

When I came to my senses a comrade was standing over me, helping me to my feet. I found that I could walk, with his assistance, and he hurried me on by telling me the enemy was close behind. My leg was of very little use to me, as there was no feeling in it, and I had to drag it along as best I could. There were three or four of us in the squad, but the danger warned us not to keep too close together. The bullets were tearing up every foot of ground. I saw the water dashed out of a small puddle about the size of a milk pan, directly in front of me, and I wondered how they got there without passing through me. Suddenly my other leg was knocked from under me, and I sank to the ground helpless. What would be my fate? flashed upon me. The next moment my mind was filled with the keenest despair, not for my present condition, or what it might be in the future, but at the thought of separation from my comrades. Still I begged them to leave me at once and seek their own safety. They laid me on my back, on the ground, as comfortably as circumstances would permit, though there was not a blanket in the party, and with a parting grasp of the hand passed out of sight.

As yet I experienced no pain from my wounds, and my mind was singularly alert. Up to the present time physical exertion had kept my brain in a measure busy, but now it was in a maddening whirl. The horrors of the hospital, of the surgeon's knife, of wasting fevers, the possibility of dismembered limbs, and a medley of other horrible ideas framed themselves in my imagination, not once, but with regular reiteration, and came and went with every pulsation of the heart.

The Confederate line came up. It moved with fine precision and order, so far as my view extended. A portion near me halted a brief second to fire. Then the Confederates passed over me, being careful not to touch me in passing. The rear of the line seemed to be about as free from stragglers as the front.

One of the officers bringing up the rear had our coffee-pot, which he had taken off from the fire in passing, and, as if in answer to my silent appeal, came and set it down beside me. Another paused long enough to cover me with a blanket, and then both hurried on, purposely to escape the thanks I waved them with my hands. The coffee was still hot, and I never had a more welcome drink. The blanket proved more beneficial still, on this midwinter day, for it was some hours before I was picked up and taken to the hospital. The Confederate surgeon was very kind to me, but only made a hasty examination, saying I must wait till his own men had been attended to.

He never had the pleasure of ministering to me. The next day the Federal troops drove the Confederates back over this same ground; so I eventually fell into the hands of our own men again, and, after a few months of hospital experience, rejoined my battery with my two legs as good as ever.

THE EBB TIDE.

A TRIO AND QUARTETTE.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND LLOYD OSBOURNE,

Authors of "The Wrecker," etc.

"*There is a tide in the affairs of men.*"

(*Continued.*)

PART II.—THE QUARTETTE.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PEARL FISHER.

ABOUT four in the morning, as the captain and Herrick sat together on the rail, there arose from the midst of the night, in front of them, the voice of breakers. Each sprang to his feet and stared and listened. The sound was continuous, like the passing of a train; no rise or fall could be distinguished; minute by minute the ocean heaved with an equal potency against the invisible isle; and as time passed, and Herrick waited in vain for any vicissitude in the volume of that roaring, a sense of the eternal weighed upon his mind. To the expert eye, the isle itself was to be inferred from a certain string of blots along the starry heaven. And the schooner was laid to and anxiously observed till daylight.

There was little or no morning bank. A brightening came in the east; then a wash of some ineffable, faint, nameless hue between crimson and silver; and then coals of fire. These glimmered awhile on the sea-line, and seemed to brighten and darken and spread out; and still the night and the stars reigned undisturbed. It was as though a spark should catch and glow and creep along the foot of some heavy and almost incombustible wall-hanging, and the room itself be scarce menaced. Yet a little after, and the whole east glowed with gold and scarlet, and the hollow of heaven was filled with the daylight.

The isle—the undiscovered, the scarce believed in—now lay before them and close aboard; and Herrick thought that never in his dreams had he beheld anything more strange and delicate. The beach was excellently white, the continuous barrier of trees inimitably green; the land perhaps ten feet high, the trees thirty more. Every here and there, as the schooner coasted northward, the wood was intermitted; and he could see clear over the inconsiderable strip of land (as a man looks over a wall) to the lagoon, and clear over that, again, to where the far side of the atoll prolonged its pencilling of trees against the morning sky. He tortured himself to find analogies. The isle was like the rim of a great vessel sunken in the waters; it was like the embankment of an annular railway grown upon with wood; it was like a verdant ringworm, gracing, not defacing, the blue brow of the ocean. So slender it seemed amidst the outrageous breakers, so frail and pretty, he would scarce have wondered to see it sink and disappear without a sound, and the waves close smoothly over its descent.

Meanwhile the captain was in the

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fore-crosstrees, glass in hand, his eyes in every quarter, spying for an entrance, spying for signs of tenancy. But the isle continued to unfold itself in joints and to run out in indeterminate capes, and still there was neither house nor man nor the smoke of fire. Here a multitude of sea birds soared and twinkled and fished in the blue waters; and there, and for miles together, the fringe of cocoa-palm and pandanus extended desolate, and made desirable green bowers for nobody to visit; and the silence of death was only broken by the throbbing of the sea.

The airs were very light, their speed was small; the heat intense. The decks were scorching underfoot; the sun flamed overhead, brazen out of a brazen sky; the pitch bubbled in the seams, and the brains in the brain-pan. And all the while the excitement of the three adventurers glowed about their bones like a fever. They whispered and nodded and pointed and put mouth to ear with a singular instinct of secrecy, approaching that island underhand, like eavesdroppers and thieves; and even Davis, from the crosstrees, gave his orders mostly by gestures. The hands shared in this mute strain, like dogs, without comprehending it; and through the roar of so many miles of breakers, it was a silent ship that approached an empty island.

At last they drew near to the break in that interminable gangway. A spur of coral sand stood forth on the one hand; on the other, a high and thick tuft of trees cut off the view; between was the mouth of the huge laver. Twice a day the ocean crowded in that narrow entrance and was heaped between these frail walls; twice a day, with the return of the ebb, the mighty surplusage of water must struggle to escape. The hour in which the "Farallone" came there was the hour of flood. The sea turned (as with the instinct of the homing pigeon) for the vast receptacle, swept eddying through the gates, was transmuted, as it did so, into a wonder of watery and silken hues, and brimmed into the inland sea beyond. The schooner worked up, close-hauled, and was caught and carried away by the influx like a toy. She skimmed; she flew; a momentary shadow touched her decks from the shoreside trees; the bottom of the channel showed up for a moment, and was in a moment gone; the next, she floated on the bosom of the lagoon; and below, in the transparent chamber of waters, a myriad of many-colored fishes were sporting, a myriad pale flowers of coral diversified the floor.

Herrick stood transported. In the gratified lust of his eye he forgot the past and the present; forgot that he was menaced by a prison on the one hand and starvation on the other; forgot that he was come to that island, desperately foraging, clutching at expedients. A drove of fishes, painted like the rainbow and billed like parrots, hovered up in the shadow of the schooner, and passed clear of it, and glinted in the submarine sun. They were beautiful like birds, and their silent passage impressed him like a strain of song.

Meanwhile, to the eye of Davis in the crosstrees, the lagoon continued to expand its empty waters, and the long succession of the shoreside trees to be paid out like fishing-line off a reel. And still there was no mark of habitation. The schooner, immediately on entering, had been kept away to the northward, where the water seemed to be the most deep; and she was now skimming past the tall grove of trees, which stood on that side of the channel and denied further view. Of the whole of the low shores of the island, only this bight remained to be revealed. And suddenly the curtain was raised; they began to open out a haven, snugly elbowed there, and beheld, with an astonishment beyond words, the roofs of men. The appearance, thus "instantaneously disclosed" to those on the deck of the "Farallone," was not that of a city, rather of a substantial country farm with its attendant hamlet—a long line of sheds and storehouses; apart, upon the one side, a deep-verandaed dwelling-house; on the other, perhaps a dozen native huts, a building with a belfry and some rude offer at architectural features that

might be thought to mark it out for a chapel; on the beach in front, some heavy boats drawn up, and a pile of timber running forth into the burning shallows of the lagoon. From a flagstaff at the pierhead, the red ensign of England was displayed. Behind, about, and over, the same tall grove of palms which had masked the settlement in the beginning, prolonged its roof of tumultuous green fans, and turned and ruffled overhead, and sang its silver song all day in the wind. The place had the indescribable but unmistakable appearance of being in commission, yet there breathed from it a sense of desertion that was almost poignant; no human figure was to be observed going to and fro about the houses, and there was no sound of human industry or enjoyment. Only, on the top of the beach and hard by the flagstaff, a woman of exorbitant stature and as white as snow was to be seen, beckoning with uplifted arm. The second glance identified her as a piece of naval sculpture, the figurehead of a ship that had long hovered and plunged into so many running billows, and was now brought ashore to be the ensign and presiding genius of that empty town.

The "Farallone" made a soldier's breeze of it; the wind, besides, was stronger inside than without under the lee of the land; and the stolen schooner opened out successive objects with the swiftness of a panorama, so that the adventurers stood speechless. The flag spoke for itself; it was no frayed and weathered trophy that had beaten itself to pieces on the post, flying over desolation; and, to make assurance stronger, there was to be descried, in the deep shade of the veranda, a glitter of crystal and the fluttering of white napery. If the figure-head at the pier end, with its perpetual gesture and its leprous whiteness, reigned alone in that hamlet, as it seemed to do, it could not have reigned long. Men's hands had been busy, men's feet stirring there, within the circuit of the clock. The Farallones were sure of it; their eyes dug in the deep shadow of the palms for some one hiding. If intensity of looking might have prevailed, they would have pierced the walls of houses. And there came to them, in these pregnant seconds, a sense of being watched and played with, and of a blow impending, that was hardly bearable.

The extreme point of palms they had just passed enclosed a creek, which was thus hidden up to the last moment from the eyes of those on board; and from this a boat put suddenly and briskly out, and a voice hailed.

"Schooner ahoy!" it cried. "Stand in for the pier! In two cables' lengths you'll have twenty fathoms water and good holding-ground."

The boat was manned with a couple of brown oarsmen in scanty kilts of blue. The speaker, who was steering, wore white clothes, the full dress of the tropics. A wide hat shaded his face; but it could be seen that he was of stalwart size, and his voice sounded like a gentleman's. So much could be made out. It was plain, besides, that the "Farallone" had been descried some time before at sea, and the inhabitants were prepared for its reception.

Mechanically the orders were obeyed, and the ship berthed; and the three adventurers gathered aft beside the house and waited, with galloping pulses and a perfect vacancy of mind, the coming of the stranger who might mean so much to them. They had no plan, no story prepared; there was no time to make one; they were caught red-handed, and must stand their chance. Yet this anxiety was checkered with hope. The island being undeclared, it was not possible the man could hold any office or be in a position to demand their papers. And beyond that, if there was any truth in Findlay, as it now seemed there should be, he was the representative of the "private reasons," and must see their coming with a profound disappointment; and perhaps (hope whispered) he would be willing and able to purchase their silence.

The boat was by that time forging alongside, and they were able at last to see what manner of man they had to do with. He was a huge fellow, six feet four in height, and of a build proportionately strong, but his sinews seemed to be dissolved in a listless-

ness that was more than languor. It was only the eye that corrected this impression—an eye of an unusual mingled brilliancy and softness, sombre as coal, and with lights that outshone the topaz; an eye of unimpaired health and virility; an eye that bid you beware of the man's devastating anger. A complexion naturally dark had been tanned in the island to a hue hardly distinguishable from that of a Tahitian; only his manners and movements, and the living force that dwelt in him, like fire in flint, betrayed the European. He was dressed in white drill, exquisitely made; his scarf and tie were of tender colored silks; on the thwart beside him there leaned a Winchester rifle.

"Is the doctor on board?" he cried, as he came up. "Doctor Symmonds, I mean? You never heard of him? Nor yet of the 'Trinity Hall?' Ah!" He did not look surprised; seemed, rather, to affect it in politeness; but his eye rested on each of the three white men in succession with a sudden weight of curiosity that was almost savage. "Ah, *then*," said he, "there is some small mistake, no doubt, and I must ask you to what I am indebted for this pleasure?"

He was by this time on the deck, but he had the art to be quite unapproachable; the friendliest vulgarian, three parts drunk, would have known better than take liberties; and not one of the adventurers so much as offered to shake hands.

"Well," said Davis, "I suppose you may call it an accident. We had heard of your island, and read that thing in the 'Directory' about the *private reasons*, you see; so when we saw the lagoon reflected in the sky, we put her head for it at once, and here we are."

"'Ope we don't intrude!" said Huish.

The stranger looked at Huish with an air of faint surprise, and looked pointedly away again. It was hard to be more offensive in dumb show.

"It may suit me, your coming here," he said. "My own schooner is overdue, and I may put something in your way in the meantime. Are you open to a charter?"

"Well, I guess so," said Davis; "it depends."

"My name is Attwater," continued the stranger. "You, I presume, are the captain?"

"Yes, sir. I am the captain of this ship. Captain Brown," was the reply.

"Well, see 'ere!" said Huish, "bet-

ter begin fair! 'E's skipper on deck right enough, but not below. Below we're all equal, all got a lay in the adventure. When it comes to business, I'm as good as 'e; and what I say is, let's go into the 'ouse and have a lush, and talk it over among pals. We've some prime fizz," he said, and winked.

The presence of the gentleman lighted up like a candle the vulgarity of the clerk; and Herrick, instinctively, as one shields himself from pain, made haste to interrupt.

"My name is Hay," said he, "since introductions are going. We shall be very glad if you will step inside."

Attwater leaned to him swiftly. "University man?" said he.

"Yes, Merton," said Herrick, and the next moment blushed scarlet at his indiscretion.

"I am of the other lot," said Attwater; "Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I called my schooner after the old shop. Well! this is a queer place and company for us to meet in, Mr. Hay," he pursued, with easy incivility to the others. "But do you bear out—I beg this gentleman's pardon, I really did not catch his name."

"My name is 'Uish, sir," returned the clerk, and blushed in turn.

"Ah!" said Attwater. And then turning again to Herrick, "Do you bear out Mr. Whish's description of your vintage, or was it only the unaffected poetry of his own nature bubbling up?"

Herrick was embarrassed; the silken brutality of their visitor made him blush. That he should be accepted as an equal, and the others thus pointedly ignored, pleased him in spite of himself, and then ran through his veins in a recoil of anger.

"I don't know," he said. "It's only California; it's good enough, I believe."

Attwater seemed to make up his mind. "Well, then, I'll tell you what: you three gentlemen come ashore this evening, and bring a basket of wine with you; I'll try and find the food," he said. "And by the by, here is a question I should have asked you when I came on board: Have you had smallpox?"

"Personally, no," said Herrick. "But the schooner had it."

"Deaths?" from Attwater.

"Two," said Herrick.

"Well, it is a dreadful sickness," said Attwater.

"'Ad you any deaths," asked Huish, "'ere on the island?"

"Twenty-nine," said Attwater. "Twenty-nine deaths and thirty-one cases, out of thirty-three souls upon the island. That's a strange way to calculate, Mr. Hay, is it not? Souls! I never say it but it startles me."

"Oh, so that's why everything's deserted?" said Huish.

"That is why, Mr. Whish," said Attwater; "that is why the house is empty and the graveyard full."

"Twenty-nine out of thirty-three!" exclaimed Herrick. "Why, when it came to burying—or did you bother burying?"

"Scarcely," said Attwater; "or there was one day, at least, when we gave up. There were five of the dead that morning, and thirteen of the dying, and no one able to go about except the sexton and myself. We held a council of war, took the—empty bottles—into the lagoon, and—buried them." He looked over his shoulder, back at the bright water. "Well, so you'll come to dinner, then? Shall we say half-past six? *So* good of you!"

His voice, in uttering these conventional phrases, fell at once into the false measure of society; and Herrick unconsciously followed the example.

"I am sure we shall be very glad," he said. "At half-past six? Thank you so very much."

"'For my voice has been tuned to the note of the gun,
That startles the deep when the combat's begun,'"

quoted Attwater, with a smile, which instantly gave way to an air of funereal solemnity. "I shall particularly expect Mr. Whish," he continued. "Mr. Whish, I trust you understand the invitation?"

"I believe you, my boy!" replied the genial Huish.

"That is right, then; and quite understood, is it not?" said Attwater.

"Mr. Whish and Captain Brown at six-thirty without fail; and you, Hay, at four sharp."

And he called his boat.

During all this talk, a load of thought or anxiety had weighed upon the captain. There was no part for which nature had so liberally endowed him as that of the genial ship-captain. But to-day he was silent and abstracted. Those who knew him could see that he hearkened close to every syllable, and seemed to ponder and try it in balances. It would have been hard to say what look there was, cold, attentive, and sinister, as of a man maturing plans, which still brooded over the unconscious guest; it was here, it was there, it was nowhere; it was now so little that Herrick chid himself for an idle fancy; and anon, it was so gross and palpable that you could say every hair on the man's head talked mischief.

He woke up now, as with a start. "You were talking of a charter," said he.

"Was I?" said Attwater. "Well, let's talk of it no more at present."

"Your own schooner is overdue, I understand?" continued the captain.

"You understand perfectly, Captain Brown," said Attwater; "thirty-three days overdue at noon to-day."

"She comes and goes, eh? Flies between here and—?" hinted the captain.

"Exactly; every four months; three trips in the year," said Attwater.

"You go in her ever?" asked Davis.

"No, I stop here," said Attwater; "one has plenty to attend to here."

"Stop here, do you?" cried Davis. "Say, how long?"

"How long, O Lord!" said Attwater, with perfect, stern gravity. "But it does not seem so," he added, with a smile.

"No, I dare say not," said Davis. "No, I suppose not. Not with all your gods about you, and in as snug a berth as this. For it is a pretty snug berth," said he, with a sweeping look.

"The spot, as you are good enough to indicate, is not entirely intolerable," was the reply.

"Shell, I suppose?" said Davis.

"Yes, there was shell," said Attwater.

"This is a considerable big beast of a lagoon, sir," said the captain. "Was there a—was the fishing—would you call the fishing anyways *good?*"

"I don't know that I would call it anyways anything," said Attwater, "if you put it to me direct."

"There were pearls, too?" said Davis.

"Pearls, too," said Attwater.

"Well, I give out!" laughed Davis, and his laughter rang cracked like a false piece. "If you're not going to tell, you're not going to tell, and there's an end to it."

"There can be no reason why I should affect the least degree of secrecy about my island," returned Attwater. "That came wholly to an end with your arrival; and I am sure, at any rate, that gentlemen like you and Mr. Whish I should have always been charmed to make perfectly at home. The point on which we are now differing—if you can call it a difference—is one of times and seasons. I have some information which you think I might impart, and I think not. Well, we'll see to-night! By-by, Whish!" He stepped into his boat and shoved off. "All understood, then?" said he. "The captain and Mr. Whish at six-thirty, and you, Hay, at four precise. You understand that, Hay? Mind, I take no denial. If you're not there by the time named, there will be no banquet. No song, no supper, Mr. Whish!"

White birds whisked in the air above, a shoal of parti-colored fishes in the scarce denser medium below; between, like Mahomet's coffin, the boat drew away briskly on the surface, and its shadow followed it over the glittering floor of the lagoon. Attwater looked steadily back over his shoulders as he sat; he did not once remove his eyes from the "Farallone" and the group on her quarter-deck beside the house till his boat ground upon the pier. Thence, with an agile pace, he hurried ashore, and they saw his white clothes shining in the checkered dusk of the grove until the house received him.

The captain, with a gesture and a speaking countenance, called the adventurers into the cabin.

"Well," he said to Herrick, when

they were seated, "there's one good job at least. He's taken to you in earnest."

"Why should that be a good job?" said Herrick.

"Oh, you'll see how it pans out presently," returned Davis. "You go ashore and stand in with him, that's all! You'll get lots of pointers; you can find out what he has, and what the charter is, and who's the fourth man—for there's four of them, and we're only three."

"And suppose I do, what next?" cried Herrick. "Answer me that!"

"So I will, Robert Herrick," said the captain. "But first, let's see all clear. I guess you know," he said with an imperious solemnity, "I guess you know the bottom is about out of this 'Farallone' speculation? I guess you know it's *right* out, and if this old island hadn't turned up right when it did, I guess you know where you and I and Huish would have been?"

"Yes, I know that," said Herrick. "No matter who's to blame, I know it. And what next?"

"No matter who's to blame, you know it, right enough," said the captain, "and I'm obliged to you for the reminder. Now here's this Attwater; what do you think of him?"

"I do not know," said Herrick. "I am attracted and repelled. He was insufferably rude to you."

"And you, Huish?" said the captain.

Huish sat cleaning a favorite briar-root; he scarce looked up from that engrossing task. "Don't ast me what I think of him!" he said. "There's a day comin', I pray Gawd, when I can tell it him myself."

"Huish means the same as what I do," said Davis. "When that man came stepping around, and saying: 'Look here, I'm Attwater'—and you knew it was so, by God!—I sized him right straight up. Here's the real article, I said, and I don't like it; here's the real, first-rate, copper-bottomed aristocrat, same as what Ward McAllister would lick the boots of and like the taste of them. '*Aw! don't know ye, do I? God d—n ye, did God make ye?*' No, that couldn't be nothing but genuine; a man's got to be born to that. And notice! smart as champagne and hard as nails; no kind of a fool; no, *sir!* not a pound of him! Well, what's he here upon this beastly island for? I said. *He's* not here collecting eggs. He's a palace at home, and powdered flunkies; and if he don't stay there, you bet he knows the reason why! Follow?"

"Oh, yes, I 'ear you," said Huish.

"He's been doing good business here, then," continued the captain. "For ten years he's been doing a great business. It's pearl and shell, of course; there couldn't be nothing else in such a place; and no doubt the shell goes off regularly by this 'Trinity Hall,' and the money for it straight into the bank, so that's no use to us. But what else is there? Is there nothing else he would be likely to keep here? Is there nothing else he would be bound to keep here? Yes, sir; the pearls! First, because they're too valuable to trust out of his hands. Second, because pearls want a lot of handling and matching; and the man who sells his pearls as they come in, one here, one there, instead of hanging back and holding up—well, that man's a fool, and it's not Attwater."

"It's likely," said Huish, "that's w'at it is; not proved, but likely."

"It's proved," said Davis, bluntly.

"Suppose it was?" said Herrick. "Suppose that was all so, and he had these pearls—a ten years' collection of them? Suppose he had? There's my question."

The captain drummed with his thick hands on the board in front of him; he looked steadily in Herrick's face, and Herrick as steadily looked upon the table and the pattering fingers. There was a gentle oscillation of the anchored ship, and a big patch of sunlight travelled to and fro between one and the other.

"Hear me!" Herrick burst out suddenly.

"No, you better hear me first," said Davis. "Hear me and understand me. *We've* got no use for that fellow, whatever you may have. He's your kind, he's not ours; he's took to you, and

he's wiped his boots on me and Huish. Save him if you can!"

"Save him?" repeated Herrick.

"Save him if you're able!" reiterated Davis, with a blow of his clenched fist. "Go ashore, and talk him smooth; and if you get him and his pearls aboard, I'll spare him. If you don't, there's going to be a funeral. Is that so, Huish? Does that suit you?"

"I ain't a forgiving man," said Huish, "but I'm not the sort to spoil business neither. Bring the bloke on board, and his pearls along with him, and you can have it your own way; maroon him where you like — I'm agreeable."

"Well, and if I can't?" cried Herrick, while the sweat streamed upon his face. "You talk to me as if I was God Almighty, to do this and that! But if I can't?"

"My son," said the captain, "you better do your level best, or you'll see sights!"

"Oh, yes," said Huish. "Oh, crikey, yes!" He looked across at Herrick with a toothless smile that was shocking in its savagery; and, his ear caught apparently by the trivial expression he had used, he broke into a piece of the chorus of a comic song which he must have heard twenty years before in London—meaningless gibberish that, in that hour and place, seemed hateful as a blasphemy: "Hikey, pikey, crikey, fikey, chillingawallaba dory."

The captain suffered him to finish; his face was unchanged.

"The way things are, there's many a man that wouldn't let you go ashore," he resumed. "But I'm not that kind. I know you'd never go back on me, Herrick! Or if you choose to—go and do it, and be d——d!" he cried, and rose abruptly from the table.

He walked out of the house, and, as he reached the door, turned and called Huish, suddenly and violently, like the barking of a dog. Huish followed, and Herrick remained alone in the cabin.

"Now, see here," whispered Davis; "I know that man. If you open your mouth to him again, you'll ruin all."

CHAPTER VIII.

BETTER ACQUAINTANCE.

THE boat was gone again, and already half way to the "Farallone," before Herrick turned and went unwillingly up the pier. From the crown of the beach, the figure-head confronted him with what seemed irony, her helmeted head tossed back, her formidable arm apparently hurling something, whether shell or missile, in the direction of the anchored schooner. She seemed a defiant deity from the island, coming forth to its threshold with a rush as of one about to fly, and perpetuated in that dashing attitude. Herrick looked up at her, where she towered above him head and shoulders, with singular feelings of curiosity and romance, and suffered his mind to travel to and fro in her life history. So long she had been the blind conductress of a ship among the waves; so long she had stood here idle in the violent sun that yet did not avail to blister her; and was even this the end of so many adventures, he wondered, or was more behind? And he could have found it in his heart to regret that she was not a goddess, nor yet he a pagan, that he might have bowed down before her in that hour of difficulty.

When he now went forward, it was cool with the shadow of many well-grown palms; draughts of the dying breeze swung them together overhead; and on all sides, with a swiftness beyond dragon-flies or swallows, the spots of sunshine flitted and hovered and returned. Underfoot, the sand was fairly solid and quite level, and Herrick's steps fell there noiseless as in new fallen snow. It bore the marks of having been once weeded like a garden alley at home; but the pestilence had done its work, and the weeds were returning. The buildings of the settlement showed here and there through the stems of the colonnade, fresh-painted, trim, and dandy, and all silent as the grave. Only, here and there in the crypt, there was a rustle and scurry and some crowing of poultry; and from behind the house with the verandas, he saw

smoke arise and heard the crackling of a fire.

The stone houses were nearest him upon his right. The first was locked; in the second he could dimly perceive, through a window, a certain accumulation of pearl shell piled in the far end; the third, which stood gaping open on the afternoon, seized on the mind of Herrick with its multiplicity and disorder of romantic things. Therein were cables, windlasses, and blocks of every size and capacity; cabin windows and ladders; rusty tanks; a companion hatch; a binnacle with its brass mountings, and its compass idly pointing, in the confusion and dusk of that shed, to a forgotten pole; ropes, anchors, harpoons; a blubber-dipper of copper, green with years; a steering-wheel; a tool-chest with the vessel's name upon the top, the "Asia"—a whole curiosity-shop of sea-curios, gross and solid, heavy to lift, ill to break, bound with brass and shod with iron. Two wrecks, at the least, must have contributed to this random heap of lumber; and as Herrick looked upon it, it seemed to him as if the two ship's companies were there on guard, and he heard the tread of feet and whisperings, and saw with the tail of his eye the commonplace ghosts of sailormen.

This was not merely the work of an aroused imagination, but had something sensible to go upon. Sounds of a stealthy approach were no doubt audible; and while he still stood staring at the lumber, the voice of his host sounded suddenly, and with even more than the customary softness of enunciation, from behind.

"Junk," it said, "only old junk! And does Mr. Hay find a parable?"

"I find at least a strong impression," replied Herrick, turning quickly, lest he might be able to catch, on the face of the speaker, some commentary on the words.

Attwater stood in the doorway, which he almost wholly filled, his hands stretched above his head and grasping the architrave. He smiled when their eyes met, but the expression was inscrutable.

"Yes, a powerful impression. You are like me; nothing so affecting as ships!" said he. "The ruins of an empire would leave me frigid, when a bit of an old rail that an old shellback leaned on in the middle watch would bring me up all standing. But come, let's see some more of the island. It's all sand and coral and palm trees; but there's a kind of a quaintness in the place."

"I find it heavenly," said Herrick, breathing deep, with head bared in the shadow.

"Ah, that's because you're new from sea," said Attwater. "I dare say, too, you can appreciate what one calls it. It's a lovely name. It has a flavor, it has a color, it has a ring and fall to it; it's like its author—it's half Christian! Remember your first view of the island, and how it's only woods and water; and suppose you had asked somebody for the name, and he had answered, *Nemorosa Zacynthos*."

"*Jam medio apparet fluctu!*" exclaimed Herrick. "Ye gods! yes, how good!"

"If it gets upon the chart, the skippers will make nice work of it," said Attwater. "But here, come and see the diving-shed."

He opened a door, and Herrick saw a large display of apparatus neatly ordered—pumps and pipes, and the leaded boots, and the huge snouted helmets shining in rows along the wall—ten complete outfits.

"The whole eastern half of my lagoon is shallow, you must understand," said Attwater; "so we were able to get in the dress to great advantage. It paid beyond belief, and was a queer sight when they were at it; and these marine monsters"—tapping the nearest of the helmets—"kept appearing and reappearing in the midst of the lagoon. Fond of parables?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, yes!" said Herrick.

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"Self-conceit," said Herrick.

"Ah, but I mean seriously," said Attwater.

"Call it self-respect, then," corrected Herrick, with a laugh.

"And why not grace? Why not God's grace, Hay?" asked Attwater. "Why not the grace of your Maker and Redeemer, he who died for you, he who upholds you, he whom you daily crucify afresh? There is nothing here"—striking on his bosom—"nothing there"—smiting the wall—"and nothing there"—stamping—"nothing but God's grace! We walk upon, we breathe it; we live and die by it; it makes the nails and axles of the universe; and a puppy in pajamas prefers self-conceit!" The huge dark man stood over against Herrick by the line of diver's helmets, and seemed to swell and glow; and the next moment the life had gone from him. "I beg your pardon," said he; "I see you don't believe in God."

"Not in your sense, I am afraid," said Herrick.

"I never argue with young atheists or habitual drunkards," said Attwater flippantly. "Let us go across the island to the outer beach."

It was but a little way, the greatest width of that island scarce exceeding a furlong, and they walked gently. Herrick was like one in a dream. He had come there with a mind divided; come prepared to study that ambiguous and sneering mask, drag out the essential man from underneath, and act accordingly; decision being till then postponed. Iron cruelty, an iron insensibility to the suffering of others, the uncompromising pursuit of his own interests, cold culture, manners without humanity—these he had looked for, these he still thought he saw. But to find the whole machine thus glow with the reverberation of religious zeal, surprised him beyond words; and he labored in vain, as he walked, to piece together into any kind of whole his odds and ends of knowledge; to adjust again, into any kind of focus with itself, his picture of the man beside him.

"What brought you here to the South Seas?" he asked presently.

"Many things," said Attwater. "Youth, curiosity, romance, the love of the sea, and (it will surprise you to hear) an interest in missions. That has a good deal declined, which will surprise you less. They go the wrong way to work; they are too parsonish, too much of the old wife, and even the old apple-wife. *Clothes, clothes*, are their idea; but clothes are not Christianity, any more than they are the sun in heaven, or could take the place of it! They think a parsonage with roses, and church bells, and nice old women bobbing in the lanes, are part and parcel of religion. But religion is a savage thing like the universe it illuminates; savage, cold, and bare, but infinitely strong."

"And you found this island by an accident?" said Herrick.

"As you did!" said Attwater. "And since then I have had a business and a colony and a mission of my own. I was a man of the world before I was a Christian; I'm a man of the world still, and I made my mission pay. No good ever came of coddling. A man has to stand up in God's sight and work up to his weight avoirdupois; then I'll talk to him, but not before. I gave these beggars what they wanted; a judge in Israel, the bearer of the sword and scourge. I was making a new people here, and behold! the angel of the Lord smote them, and they were not!"

With the very uttering of the words, which were accompanied by a gesture, they came forth out of the porch of the palm wood by the margin of the sea, and full in front of the sun, which was near setting. Before them the surf broke slowly. All around, with an air of imperfect wooden things inspired with wicked activity, the crabs trundled and scuttled into holes. On the right, whither Attwater pointed and abruptly turned, was the cemetery of the island, a field of broken stones from the bigness of a child's hand to that of his head, diversified by many mounds of the same material, and walled by a rude rectangular enclosure. Nothing grew there but a shrub or two with some white flowers; nothing but the number of the mounds, and

their disquieting shape, indicated the presence of the dead.

"'The rude forefathers of the hamlet lie!'" quoted Attwater, as he entered by the open gateway into that unhomely close. "Coral to coral, pebbles to pebbles," he said; "this has been the main scene of my activity in the South Pacific. Some were good, and some bad, and the majority (of course and always) null. Here was a fellow, now, that used to frisk like a dog; if you had called him, he came like an arrow from a bow; if you had not, and he came unbidden, you should have seen the deprecating eye and the little intricate dancing step. Well, his trouble is over now; he has lain down with kings and councillors; the rest of his acts, are they not written in the Book of the Chronicles? That fellow was from Penrhyn; like all the Penrhyn islanders he was ill to manage; heady, jealous, violent—the man with the nose! He lies here quiet enough. And so they all lie. 'And darkness was the burier of the dead.'"

He stood, in the strong glow of the sunset, with bowed head; his voice sounded now sweet and now bitter, with the varying sense.

"You loved these people?" cried Herrick, strangely touched.

"I?" said Attwater. "Dear, no! Don't think me a philanthropist. I dislike men, and I hate women. If I like the islands at all, it is because you see them here plucked of their lendings, their dead birds and cocked hats, their petticoats and colored hose. Here was one I liked, though," and he set his foot upon a mound. "He was a fine savage fellow; he had a dark soul; yes, I liked this one. I am fanciful," he added, looking hard at Herrick, "and I take fads. I like you."

Herrick turned swiftly, and looked far away to where the clouds were beginning to troop together and amass themselves round the obsequies of day. "No one can like me," he said.

"You are wrong there," said the other, "as a man usually is about himself. You are attractive, very attractive."

"It is not me," said Herrick; "no one can like me. If you knew how I despised myself — and why!" His voice rang out in the quiet graveyard.

"I knew that you despised yourself," said Attwater. "I saw the blood come into your face to-day when you remembered Oxford. And I could have blushed for you myself, to see a man, a gentleman, with those two vulgar wolves."

Herrick faced him with a thrill. "Wolves?" he repeated.

"I said wolves, and vulgar wolves," said Attwater. "Do you know that to-day, when I came on board, I trembled?"

"You concealed it well," stammered Herrick.

"A habit of mine," said Attwater. "But I was afraid, for all that. I was afraid of the two wolves." He raised his hand slowly. "And now, Hay, you poor lost puppy, what do you do with the two wolves?"

"What do I do? I don't do anything," said Herrick. "There is nothing wrong; all is above board; Captain Brown is a good soul; he is a—he is—" The phantom voice of Davis called in his ear, "There's going to be a funeral;" and the sweat burst forth and streamed on his brow. "He is a family man," he resumed again, swallowing; "he has children at home—and a wife."

"And a very nice man!" said Attwater. "And so is Mr. Whish, no doubt?"

"I won't go so far as that," said Herrick. "I do not like Huish. And yet—he has his merits, too."

"And in short, take them for all in all, as good a ship's company as one would ask?" said Attwater.

"Oh, yes," said Herrick, "quite."

"So, then, we approach the other point, of why you despise yourself?" said Attwater.

"Do we not all despise ourselves?" cried Herrick. "Do not you?"

"Oh, I say I do. But do I?" said Attwater. "One thing I know, at least; I never gave a cry like yours. Hay, it came from a bad conscience! Ah, man, that poor diving-dress of self-conceit is sadly tattered! To-day, if ye will hear my voice. To-day, now, while the sun sets, and here in this burying-place of

brown innocents, fall on your knees and cast your sins and sorrows on the Redeemer. Hay——"

"Not Hay!" interrupted the other strangling. "Don't call me that! I mean— For God's sake, can't you see I'm on the rack?"

"I see it; I know it; I put and keep you there; my fingers are on the screws," said Attwater. "Please God, I will bring a penitent this night before His throne. Come, come to the mercy seat! He waits to be gracious, man—waits to be gracious!"

He spread out his arms like a crucifix; his face shone with the brightness of a seraph's; in his voice, as it rose to the last word, the tears seemed ready.

Herrick made a vigorous call upon himself. "Attwater," he said, "you push me beyond bearing. What am I to do? I do not believe. It is living truth to you: to me, upon my conscience, only folk-lore. I do not believe there is any form of words under heaven by which I can lift the burthen from my shoulders. I must stagger on to the end with the pack of my responsibility; I cannot shift it. Do you suppose I would not, if I thought I could? I cannot—cannot—cannot—and let that suffice!"

The rapture was all gone from Attwater's countenance; the dark apostle had disappeared, and in his place there stood an easy, sneering gentleman, who took off his hat and bowed. It was pertly done, and the blood burned in Herrick's face.

"What do you mean by that?" he cried.

"Well, shall we go back to the house?" said Attwater. "Our guests will soon be due."

Herrick stood his ground a moment, with clenched fists and teeth; and as he so stood, the fact of his errand there slowly swung clear in front of him, like the moon out of clouds. He had come to lure that man on board; he was failing, even if it could be said that he had tried; he was sure to fail now, and knew it, and knew it was better so. And what was to be next?

With a groan he turned to follow his host, who was standing with a polite smile, and instantly, and somewhat obsequiously, led the way into the now darkened colonnade of palms. There they went in silence; the earth gave up richly of her perfume, the air tasted warm and aromatic in the nostrils, and, from a great way forward in the wood, the brightness of lights and fire marked out the house of Attwater.

Herrick meanwhile resolved, and resisted an immense temptation, to go up, to touch him on the arm, and breathe a word in his ear: "Beware, they are going to murder you." There would be one life saved; but what of the two others? The three lives went up and down before him like buckets in a well, or like the scales of balances. It had come to a choice, and one that must be speedy. For certain invaluable minutes the wheels of life ran before him, and he could still divert them with a touch to the one side or the other; still choose who was to live and who was to die. He considered the men. Attwater intrigued, puzzled, dazzled, enchanted, and revolted him. Alive, he seemed but a doubtful good; and the thought of him lying dead was so unwelcome that it pursued him, like a vision, with every circumstance of color and sound. Incessantly he had before him the image of that great mass of man, stricken down, in varying attitudes and with varying wounds—fallen prone, fallen supine, fallen on his side, or clinging to a doorpost with the changing face and the relaxing fingers of the death agony. He heard the click of the trigger, the thud of the ball, the cry of the victim; he saw the blood flow. And this building up of circumstance was like a consecration of the man, till he seemed to walk in sacrificial fillets. Next he considered Davis, with his thick-fingered, coarse-grained, oat-bread commonness of nature; his indomitable valor and mirth in the old days of their starvation; the endearing blend of his faults and virtues; the sudden shining forth of a tenderness that lay too deep for tears; his children—Ada and her bowel complaint, and Ada's doll. No, death could not be suffered to approach that head, even in fancy. With a general heat and a bracing of his muscles, it was borne in on Herrick that Ada's father would

find in him a son to the death. And even Huish showed a little in that sacredness; by the tacit adoption of daily life they were become brothers; there was an implied bond of loyalty in their cohabitation of the ship and their past miseries, to which Herrick must be a little true or wholly dishonored. Horror of sudden death for horror of sudden death, there was here no hesitation possible: it must be Attwater. And no sooner was the thought formed (which was a sentence) than the whole mind of the man ran in a panic to the other side; and when he looked within himself, he was aware only of turbulence and inarticulate outcry.

In all this there was no thought of Robert Herrick. He had complied with the ebb-tide in man's affairs, and the tide had carried him away; he heard already the roaring of the maelstrom that must hurry him under. And in his bedevilled and dishonored soul there was no thought of self.

For how long he walked silent by his companion, Herrick had no guess. The clouds rolled suddenly away; the orgasm was over; he found himself placid with the placidity of despair; there returned to him the power of commonplace speech; and he heard with surprise his own voice say: "What a lovely evening!"

"Is it not?" said Attwater. "Yes, the evenings here would be very pleasant if one had anything to do. By day, of course, one can shoot."

"You shoot?" asked Herrick.

"Yes, I am what you would call a fine shot," said Attwater. "It is faith; I believe my balls will go true; if I were to miss once, it would spoil me for nine months."

"You never miss, then?" said Herrick.

"Not unless I mean to," said Attwater. "But to miss nicely is the art. There was an old king one knew in the Western Islands, who used to empty a Winchester all round a man, and stir his hair or nick a rag out of his clothes with every ball except the last; and that went plump between the eyes. It was pretty practice."

"You could do that?" asked Herrick, with a sudden chill.

"Oh, I can do anything," returned the other. "You do not understand; what must be, must."

They were now come near to the back part of the house. One of the men was engaged about the cooking-fire, which burned with the clear, fierce, essential radiance of cocoanut shells. A fragrance of strange meats was in the air. All round in the verandas lamps were lighted, so that the place shone abroad in the dusk of the trees with many complicated patterns of shadow.

"Come and wash your hands," said Attwater, and led the way into a clean, matted room with a cot-bed, a safe, a shelf or two of books in a glazed case, and an iron washing-stand. Presently he cried in the native tongue, and there appeared for a moment in the doorway a plump and pretty young woman with a clean towel.

"Hullo!" cried Herrick, who now saw for the first time the fourth survivor of the pestilence, and was startled by the recollection of the captain's orders.

"Yes," said Attwater, "the whole colony lives about the house—what's left of it. We are all afraid of devils, if you please, and Taniera and she sleep in the front parlor, and the other boy on the veranda."

"She is pretty," said Herrick.

"Too pretty," said Attwater. "That was why I had her married. A man never knows when he may be inclined to be a fool about women; so when we were left alone, I had the pair of them to the chapel and performed the ceremony. She made a lot of fuss. I do not take at all the romantic views of marriage," he explained.

"And that strikes you as a safeguard?" asked Herrick with amazement.

"Certainly. I am a plain man and very literal. *Whom God hath joined together*, are the words, I fancy. So one married them, and respects the marriage," said Attwater.

"Ah!" said Herrick.

"You see, I may look to make an excellent marriage when I go home," began Attwater, confidentially. "I am rich. This safe alone"—laying

his hand upon it—"will be a moderate fortune when I have the time to place the pearls upon the market. Here are ten years' accumulation from a lagoon where I have had as many as ten divers going all day long; and I went farther than people usually do in these waters, for I rotted a lot of shell, and did splendidly. Would you like to see them?"

This confirmation of the captain's guess hit Herrick hard, and he contained himself with difficulty. "No, thank you, I think not," said he. "I do not care for pearls. I am very indifferent to all these—"

"Gewgaws?" suggested Attwater. "And yet I believe you ought to cast an eye on my collection, which is really unique, and which— Oh! it is the case with all of us and everything about us!—hangs by a hair. To-day it groweth up and flourisheth; to-morrow it is cut down and cast into the oven. To-day it is here and together in this safe; to-morrow—to-night!—it may be scattered. Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

"I do not understand you," said Herrick.

"Not?" said Attwater.

"You seem to speak in riddles," said Herrick, unsteadily. "I do not understand what manner of man you are, nor what you are driving at."

Attwater stood with his hands upon his hips, and his head bent forward. "I am a fatalist," he replied, "and just now (if you insist on it) an experimentalist. Talking of which, by the by, who painted out the schooner's name?" he said, with mocking softness. "Because, do you know? one thinks it should be done again. It can still be partly read; and whatever is worth doing, is surely worth doing well. You think with me? That is so nice! Well, shall we step on the veranda? I have a dry sherry that I would like your opinion of."

Herrick followed him forth to where, under the light of the hanging lamps, the table shone with napery and crystal; followed him as the criminal goes with the hangman, or the sheep with the butcher; took the sherry mechanically, drank it, and spoke mechanical words of praise. The object of his terror had become suddenly inverted; till then he had seen Attwater trussed and gagged, a helpless victim, and had longed to run in and save him; he saw him now tower up mysterious and menacing, the angel of the Lord's wrath, armed with knowledge, and threatening judgment. He set down his glass again, and was surprised to see it empty.

"You go always armed?" he said, and the next moment could have plucked his tongue out.

"Always," said Attwater. "I have been through a mutiny here; that was one of my incidents of missionary life."

And just then the sound of voices reached them, and looking forth from the veranda, they saw Huish and the captain drawing near.

CHAPTER IX.

THE DINNER PARTY.

THEY sat down to an island dinner remarkable for its variety and excellence; turtle soup and steak, fish, fowls, a sucking-pig, a cocoanut salad, and sprouting cocoanut roasted for dessert. Not a tin had been opened; and save for the oil and vinegar in the salad, and some green spears of onion which Attwater cultivated and plucked with his own hand, not even the condiments were European. Sherry, hock, and claret succeeded each other, and the "Farallone" champagne brought up the rear with the dessert.

It was plain that, like so many of the extremely religious in the days before teetotalism, Attwater had a dash of the epicure. For such characters it is softening to eat well; doubly so to have designed and had prepared an excellent meal for others; and the manners of their host were agreeably mollified in consequence. A cat of huge growth sat on his shoulder purring, and occasionally, with a deft paw, captured a morsel in the air. To a cat he might be likened himself, as he lolled at the head of his table, dealing out attentions and innuendoes, and using the

velvet and the claw indifferently. And both Huish and the captain fell progressively under the charm of his hospitable freedom.

Over the third guest, the incidents of the dinner may be said to have passed for long unheeded. Herrick accepted all that was offered him, ate and drank without tasting, and heard without comprehension. His mind was singly occupied in contemplating the horror of the circumstance in which he sat. What Attwater knew, what the captain designed, from which side treachery was

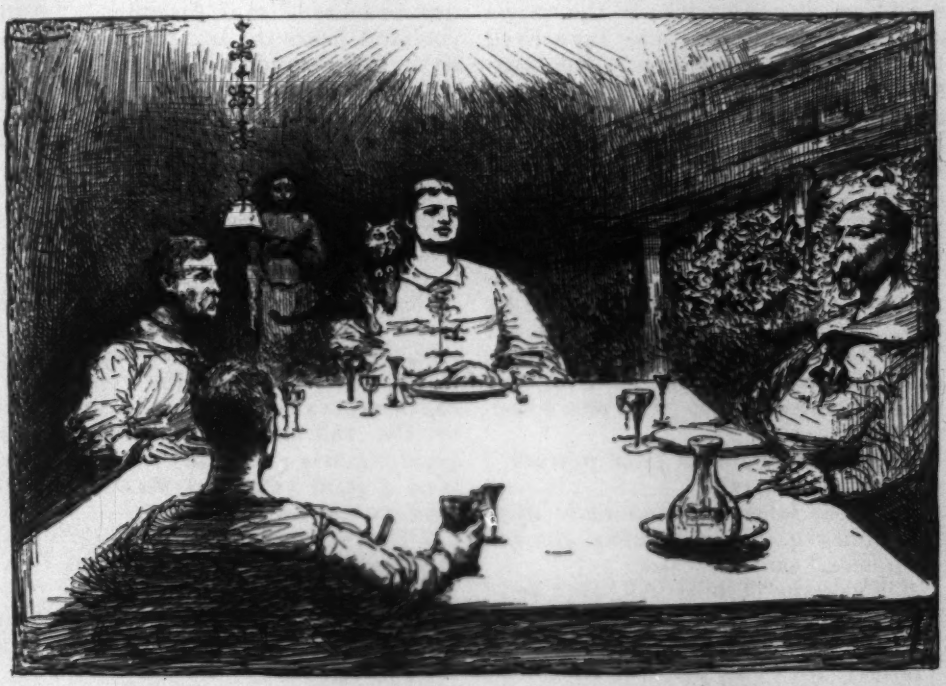
"'Ow much does it stand you in, if it's a fair question?"

"A hundred and twelve shillings in London, and the freight to Valparaiso and on again," said Attwater. "It strikes one as really not a bad fluid."

"A 'undred and twelve!" murmured the clerk, relishing the wine and the figures in a common ecstasy. "Oh my!"

"So glad you like it," said Attwater. "Help yourself, Mr. Whish, and keep the bottle by you."

"My friend's name is Huish and not



to be first expected—these were the ground of his thoughts. There were times when he longed to throw down the table and flee into the night. And even that was debarred him. To do anything, to say anything, to move at all, were only to precipitate the barbarous tragedy; and he sat spellbound, eating with white lips. Two of his companions observed him narrowly; Attwater with raking, sidelong glances that did not interrupt his talk, the captain with a heavy and anxious consideration.

"Well, I must say this sherry is a really prime article," said Huish.

Whish, sir," said the captain with a flush.

"I beg your pardon, I am sure. Huish and not Whish—certainly," said Attwater. "I was about to say that I have still eight dozen," he added, fixing the captain with his eye.

"Eight dozen what?" said Davis.

"Sherry," was the reply. "Eight dozen excellent sherry. Why, it seems almost worth it in itself, to a man fond of wine."

The ambiguous words struck home to guilty consciences, and Huish and the captain sat up in their places and regarded him with a scare.

"Worth what?" said Davis.

"A hundred and twelve shillings," replied Attwater.

The captain breathed hard for a moment. He reached out far and wide to find any coherency in these remarks; then, with a great effort, changed the subject.

"I allow we are about the first white men upon this island, sir," said he.

Attwater followed him at once, and with entire gravity, to the new ground. "Myself and Dr. Symmonds excepted, I should say the only ones," he returned. "And yet who can tell? In the course of the ages some one may have lived here, and we sometimes think that some one must. The cocoa palms grow all round the island, which is scarce like nature's planting. We found, besides, when we landed, an unmistakable cairn upon the beach; use unknown, but probably erected in the hope of gratifying some mumbo-jumbo whose very name is forgotten, by some thick-witted gentry whose very bones are lost. Then the island (witness the 'Directory') has been twice reported; and since my tenancy we have had two wrecks, both derelict. The rest is conjecture."

"Dr. Symmonds is your partner, I guess?" said Davis.

"A dear fellow, Symmonds! How he would regret it, if he knew you had been here," said Attwater.

"'E's on the 'Trinity 'All,' ain't he?" asked Huish.

"And if you could tell me where the 'Trinity 'All' was, you would confer a favor, Mr. Whish!" was the reply.

"I suppose she has a native crew?" said Davis.

"Since the secret has been kept ten years, one would suppose she had," replied Attwater.

"Well, now, see 'ere!" said Huish. "You have everything about you in no end style, and no mistake, but I tell you it wouldn't do for me. Too much of 'the old rustic bridge by the mill;' too retired by 'alf. Give me the sound of Bow Bells!"

"You must not think it was always so," replied Attwater. "This was once a busy shore, although now, hark! you can hear the solitude. I find it stimulating. And talking of the sound of bells, kindly follow a little experiment of mine in silence." There was a silver bell at his right hand to call the servants; he made them a sign to stand still, struck the bell with force, and leaned eagerly forward. The note rose clear and strong; it rang out clear and far into the night and over the deserted island; it died into the distance until there only lingered in the porches of the ear a vibration that was sound no longer. "Empty houses, empty sea, solitary beaches!" said Attwater. "And yet God hears the bell! And yet we sit in this veranda, on a lighted stage, with all heaven for spectators! And you call that solitude?"

There followed a bar of silence, during which the captain sat mesmerized.

Then Attwater laughed softly. "These are the diversions of a lonely man," he resumed, "and possibly not in good taste. One tells one's self these little fairy tales for company. If there *should* happen to be anything in folk-lore, Mr. Hay? But here comes the claret. One does not offer you Lafitte, captain, because I believe it is all sold to the railroad dining-cars in your great country; but this Brâne-mouton is of a good year, and Mr. Whish will give me news of it."

"That's a queer idea of yours!" cried the captain, bursting with a sigh from the spell that had bound him. "So you mean to tell me, now, that you sit here evenings and ring up G—well, ring on the angels—by yourself?"

"As a matter of historic fact, and since you put it directly, one does not," said Attwater. "Why ring a bell, when there flows out from one's self and everything about one a far more momentous silence? The least beat of my heart, and the least thought in my mind, echoing into eternity forever and forever and forever."

"Oh, look 'ere," said Huish, "turn down the lights at once, and the Band of 'Ope will oblige! This ain't a spiritual seance."

"No folk-lore about Mr. Whish—I beg your pardon, captain; Huish, not Whish, of course," said Attwater.

(To be continued.)